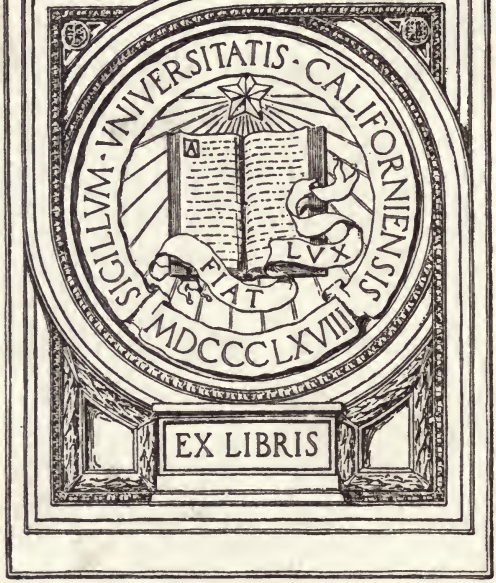

LITERARY
INDUSTRIES



By Hubert Howe Bancroft

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CHRONICLES OF THE BUILDERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH

Hubert H. Bancroft

LITERARY

INDUSTRIES

A MEMOIR

BY

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, 1832-1918

All my life I have followed few and simple aims, but I have always known my own purpose clearly, and that is a source of infinite strength.
William Waldorf Astor.

SAN FRANCISCO
THE HISTORY COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
1891

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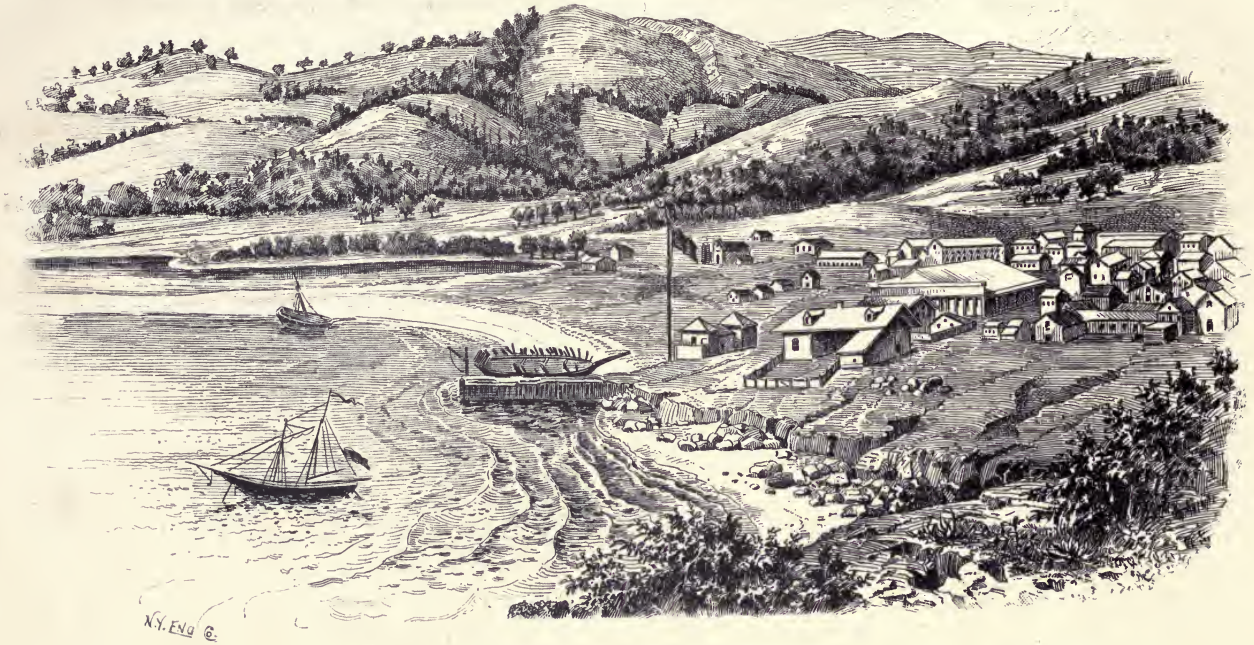

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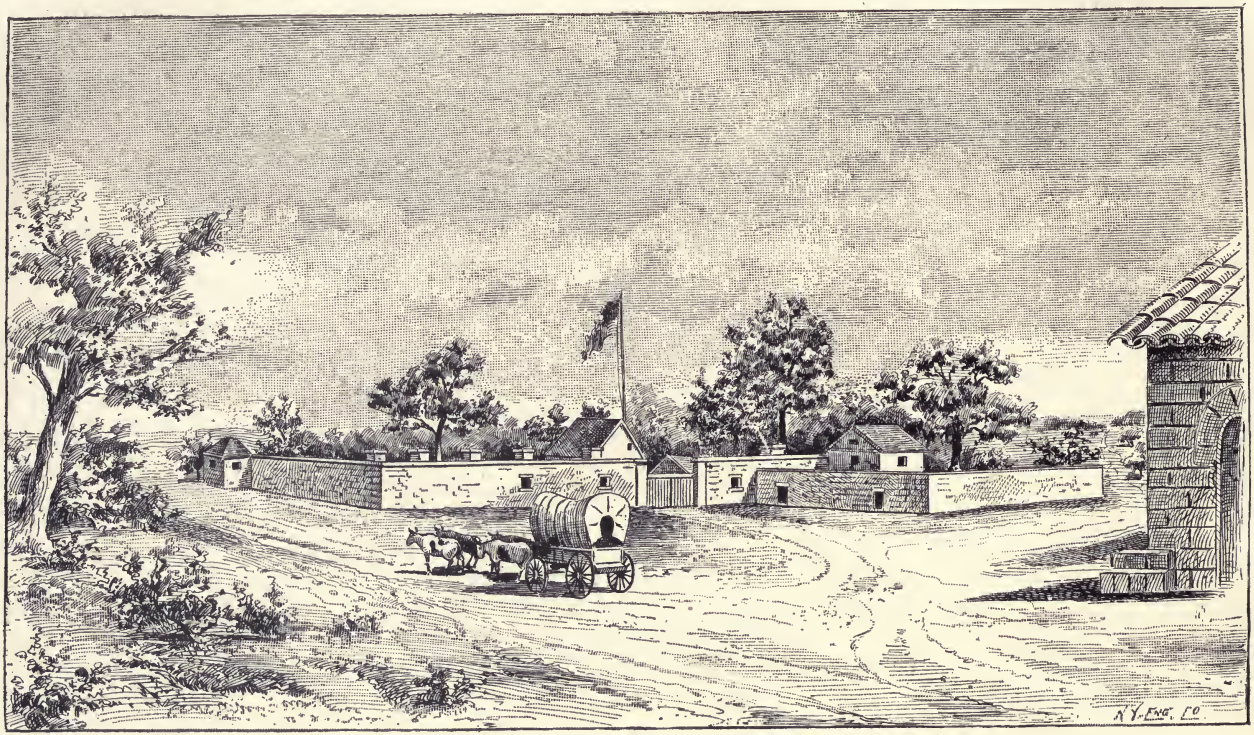

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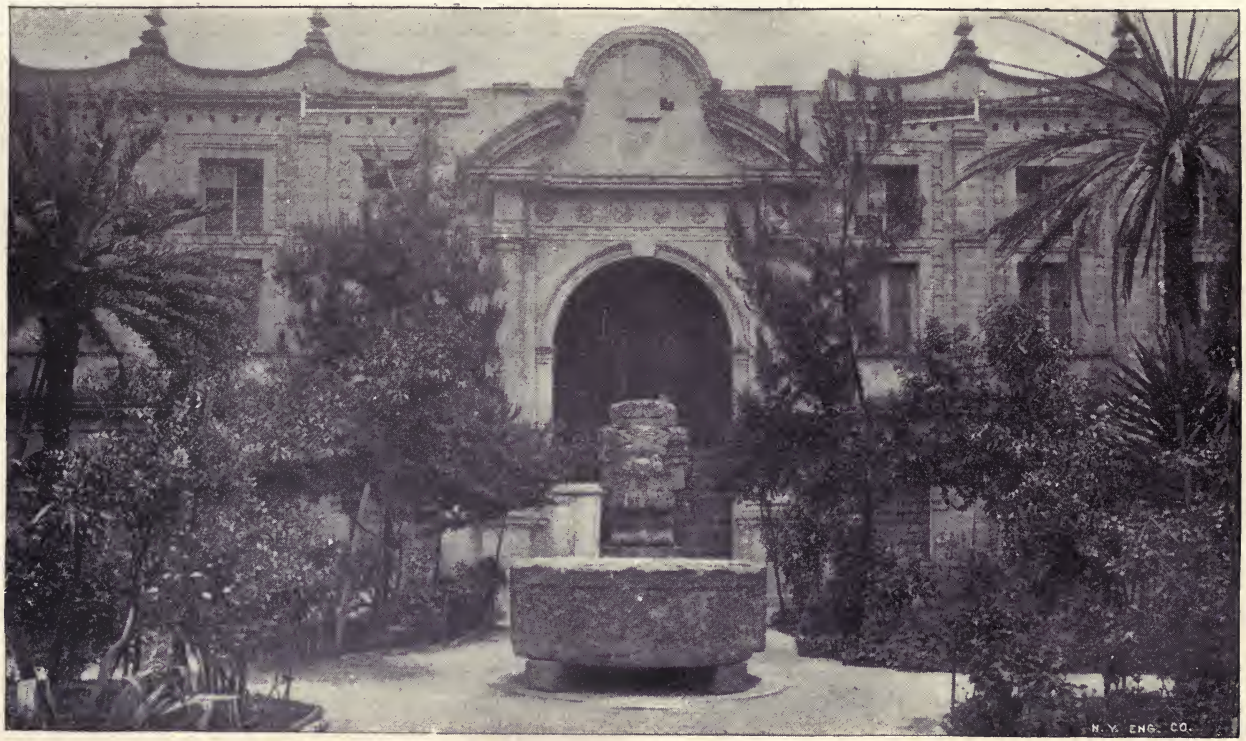

MUSEUM, MEXICO

LITERARY INDUSTRIES.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIELD.

> Which gives me
> A more content in course of true delight
> Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
> Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,
> To please the fool and death.
>
> *Pericles.*

This volume closes the narrative portion of my historical series; there yet remains to be completed the biographical section.

It is now over thirty years since I entered upon the task to-day accomplished. During this period my efforts have been continuous. Sickness and death have made felt their presence; financial storms have swept over the land, leaving ghastly scars; calamities more or less severe have at various times called at my door; yet have I never been wholly overwhelmed, or reached a point where was forced upon me a cessation of library labors, even for a single day. Nor has my work been irksome; never have I lost interest or enthusiasm; never have I regretted the consecration of my life to this cause, or felt that my abilities might have been better employed in some one of the great enterprises attending the material development of this western world, or in accumulating property, which was never a difficult thing for me to do. It has been from first to last a labor of love, its importance ever standing before me paramount to that of any other undertaking in which I could engage, while of this world's goods I have felt that I had

always my share, and have been ready to thank God for the means necessary to carry forward my work to its full completion. And while keenly alive to my lack of ability to perform the task as it ought to be done, I have all the time been conscious that it were a thousand times better it should be done as I could do it than not at all.

What was this task? It was first of all to save to the world a mass of valuable human experiences, which otherwise, in the hurry and scramble attending the securing of wealth, power, or place in this new field of enterprise, would have dropped out of existence. These experiences were all the more valuable from the fact that they were new; the conditions attending their origin and evolution never had before existed in the history of mankind, and never could occur again. There was here on this coast the ringing-up of universal intelligence for a final display of what man can do at his best, with all the powers of the past united, and surrounded by conditions such as had never before fallen to the lot of man to enjoy.

Secondly, having secured to the race a vast amount of valuable knowledge which otherwise would have passed into oblivion, my next task was to extract from this mass what would most interest people in history and biography, to properly classify and arrange the same, and then to write it out as a historical series, in the form of clear and condensed narrative, and so place within the reach of all this gathered knowledge, which otherwise were as much beyond the reach of the outside world as if it never had been saved. Meanwhile the work of collecting continued, while I erected a refuge of safety for the final preservation of the library, in the form of a fire-proof brick building on Valencia street, in the city of San Francisco. Finally, it was deemed necessary to add a biographical section to the history proper, in order that the builders of the common-

wealths on this coast might have as full and fair treatment as the work of their hands was receiving.

Not that the plan in all its completeness arose in my mind as a whole in the first instance. Had it so presented itself, and with no alternative, I never should have had the courage to undertake it. It was because I was led on by my fate, following blindly in paths where there was no returning, that I finally became so lost in my labors that my only way out was to finish them. Wherefore, although I am not conscious of superstition in my nature, I cannot but feel that in this great work I was but the humble instrument of some power mightier than I, call it providence, fate, environment, or what you will. All the originatings of essential ideas and acts connected with the work grew out of the necessities of the case, and were not in the main inventions of mine, as this volume will show. That I should leave my home and friends at the east and come to this coast an unsophisticated boy, having in hand and mind the great purpose of securing to a series of commonwealths, destined to be second in intelligence and importance to none the sun has ever shone upon, more full and complete early historical data than any government or people on earth enjoy to-day, is not for a moment to be regarded as the facts of the case. It was the vital expression of a compelling energy.

Nor is it out of place, this referring of our physical unfoldings to the undeterminable for explanation, for it is only since the world has been so plainly told that it sees somewhat of the action and effect of environment. The individual entity, if it be an intelligent, thinking entity, does not now imagine itself either its own product or the exclusive product of any other individual entity. The unthinking thing acts and is acted on by universal regulation, passively, unknowingly. Even the natural selections of progress are made in accordance therewith, and seldom artificially or arbitrarily. Underlying all phenomena is the absolute, the elemental source of vital knowledge;

and thus all the grand issues of life are referred back to a matter of carbon and ammonia.

And now, while presenting here a history of my history, an explanation of my life, its efforts and accomplishments, it is necessary first of all that there should be established in the mind of the reader a good and sufficient reason for the same. For in the absence of such a reason, to whose existence the simple appearing of the book is *ex hypothesi* a declaration, then is the author guilty of placing himself before the world in the unenviable light of one who appears to think more highly of himself and his labors than the world thinks, or than the expressions and opinions of the world would justify him in thinking.

In any of the departments of human activity, he alone can reasonably ask to be heard who has some new application of ideas; something to say which has never been said before; or, if said before, then something which can be better said this second or twentieth time. Within the last clause of this proposition my efforts do not come. All ancient facts are well recorded; all old ideas are already clothed in more beautiful forms than are at my command. It therefore remains to be shown that my historical labors, of which this volume is an exposition, come properly within the first of the categories. And this I am confident will appear, namely, that I do not only deal in new facts, but in little else; in facts brought out in this latter-day dispensation as a revelation of development as marvellous in its origin and as magical in its results as any appearing upon the breaking up of the great dark age preceding the world's uncovering and enlightenment. Every glance westward was met by a new ray of intelligence; every drawn breath of western air brought inspiration; every step taken was over an untried field; every experiment, every thought, every aspiration and act were original and individual; and the faithful recorder of the events attendant thereunto, who must be at once

poet and prophet of the new dispensation, had no need of legendary lore, of grandfather's tales, or of paths previously trodden.

And not only should be here established a proper reason for the appearance of this volume, as the results of a life of earnest endeavor, but all its predecessors should be reëstablished in the good opinions of the learned and intelligent world, of all who have so fully and freely bestowed their praise in times past; for the two propositions must stand or fall together. If my historical efforts have been superfluous or unnecessary; if it were as well they had never been undertaken, or little loss if blotted out of existence, then, not only have they no right to exist, to cumber the earth and occupy valuable room upon the shelves of libraries, but this volume must be set down as the product of mistaken zeal commensurate with the ideas of the author in regard to the merit, originality, and value claimed for the series. In a word, if the work is nothing, the explanation is worse than nothing; but if the work is worthy of its reputation, as something individual, important, and incapable of repetition or reproduction, then is this history and description of it not only not inopportune or superfluous, but it is a work which should be done, a work imperatively demanded of the author as the right of those whose kindness and sympathy have sustained him in his long and arduous undertakings.

The proposition stands thus: As the author's life has been mainly devoted to this labor, and not his alone but that of many others, and as the work has been extensive and altogether different from any which has hitherto been accomplished in any other part of the globe, it was thought that it might prove of interest if he should present a report, setting forth what he has accomplished and how he accomplished it. Coming to this coast a boy, he has seen it transformed from a wilderness into a garden of latter-day civilization, vast areas between the mountains and the sea

which were at first pronounced valueless unfolding into homes of refinement and progress. It would therefore seem, that as upon the territory covered by his work there is now being planted a civilization destined in time to be superior to any now existing; and as to coming millions, if not to those now here, everything connected with the efforts of the builders of the commonwealths on these shores will be of vital interest—it seems not out of place to devote the last volume of his historical series, proper, to an account of his labors in this field.

It was rather a slow process, as affairs are at present progressing, that of belting the earth by Asiatic and European civilization. Three thousand years, or we might say four thousand, were occupied in making the circuit now effected daily by the conscious lightning; three or four thousand years in finding a pathway now the thoroughfare of the nations. Half the distance—that is, from the hypothetical cradle of this civilization eastward to the Pacific and westward to the Atlantic—was achieved at a comparatively early period. The other half dragged its slow course along, a light age and a dark age intervening, the work beginning in earnest only after the inventions of gunpowder, printing, and the mariner's compass, the last permitting presumptuous man to traverse the several seas of darkness. Even after Mediterranean navigators had passed the Pillars of Hercules, and ventured beyond the sight of land, several hundred years elapsed before the other earth's end was permanently attained by way of the east and the west on the Pacific shores of America.

As the earth was thus disclosing its form and its secrets, men began to talk and write about it, saying much that was true and much that was false. First among the records are the holy books of Asia; holy, because their authors dwelt little on the things of this world concerning which they knew little, while

CHAPTER II.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

The true, great want is of an atmosphere of sympathy in intellectual aims. An artist can afford to be poor, but not to be companionless. It is not well that he should feel pressing on him, in addition to his own doubt whether he can achieve a certain work, the weight of the public doubt whether it be worth achieving. No man can live entirely on his own ideal.

Higginson.

Often during the progress of my literary labors questions have arisen as to the influence of California climate and society on the present and future development of letters. Charles Nordhoff said to me one day at his villa on the Hudson, "The strangest part of it is how you ever came to embark in such a labor. The atmosphere of California is so foreign to literary pursuits, the minds of the people so much more intent on gold-getting and society pleasures than on intellectual culture and the investigation of historical or abstract subjects, that your isolation must have been severe. I could not help feeling this keenly myself," continued my entertainer, "while on your coast. With a host of friends ready to do everything in their power to serve me, I was in reality without companionship, without that broad and generous sympathy which characterizes men of letters everywhere; so that it amazes me to find a product like yours germinating and developing in such a soil and such a climate."

While it was true, I replied, that no great attempts were made in the field of letters in California, and while comparatively few of the people were specially interested in literature or literary men, yet I had never experienced the feeling of which he spoke.

charm of the Homeric poems, yet this alone can produce no Homer." While literature is an increment of social intelligence and the resultant of social progress, it is certainly influenced through the mind of man by climate and scenery, by accident and locality, which act both positively and negatively, partly in harmony, partly in antagonism. Some atmospheres seem to absorb the subtile substance of the brain; others feed the mental powers and stimulate them to their utmost capabilities.

The idyllic picture of his life at Scillus, as presented by Xenophon, not wholly in the bustling world nor yet beyond it, is most charming. Sophocles retired from busy Athens to lovely Colonus. Horace in gay luxurious Rome renounced wealth and social distinction, preferring few friendships and those of the purest and best—Mæcenas, Virgil, Varius—preferring pleasures more refined, and which might be bought only by temperance in all things, and contentment, that content which abhors the lust of gain and the gnawing disquietudes of social envy.

Mæcenas loved the noisy streets of Rome, but Horace doted on his little Sabine farm, the gift of his devoted friend. It was there in free and undisturbed thought he found that leisure so necessary to his soul's health. Yet sometimes he felt the need of the capital's bustle and the stimulus of society, and then again he longed for the stillness of the country, so that his ambling mule was kept in exercise carrying him forth and back. The gentle satirist puts words of ridicule into the mouth of his servant Davus, ridicule of the author himself, and his rhapsodies of town and country.

> "At Rome you for the country sigh;
> When in the country, to the sky
> You, flighty as the thistle's down,
> Are always crying up the town."

Dugald Stewart clung to his quiet home; Scott

found repose among his antiquated folios; but Jeffreys disdained literary retirement, and sought comfort in much company. Pope loved his lawn at Twickenham, and Wordsworth the solitude of Grasmere. Heine, cramped in his narrow Paris quarters, sighed for trees. Dr Arnold hated Rugby, but, said he, "it is very inspiring to write with such a view before one's eyes as that from our drawing-room at Allen Bank, where the trees of the shrubbery gradually run up into the trees of the cliff, and the mountain-side, with its infinite variety of rocky peaks and points, upon which the cattle expatiate, rises over the tops of the trees." Galileo and Cowper thought the country especially conducive to intellectual culture; Mr Buckle preferred the city, while Tycho Brahe, and the brothers Humboldt, with shrewder wisdom, established themselves in suburban quarters near a city, where they might command the advantages and escape the inconveniences of both.

Exquisite, odd, timidly bold, and sweetly misanthropic Charles Lamb could not endure the glare of nature, and so must needs hide himself between the brick walls of busy London, where he lived alone with his sister, shrinking alike from enemy and friend. "To him," says a biographer, "the tide of human life that flowed through Fleet street and Ludgate Hill was worth all the Wyes and Yarrows in the universe; there were to his thinking no green lanes to compare with Fetter Lane or St Bride's; no garden like Covent Garden; and the singing of all the feathered tribes of the air grated harsh discord in his ear, attuned as it was only to the drone or the squall of the London ballad-singer, the grinding of the hand-organ, and the nondescript London cries, set to their cart-wheel accompaniment." And Dr Johnson, too, loved dingy, dirty Fleet street and smoky Pall Mall above any freshness or beauty nature could afford in the country. "Sir," he says, after his usual sententious fashion, "when you have seen one green

overreached. These many and mammoth fortunes made by stock-gambling and railway manipulations so overshadow and belittle legitimate efforts that accumulators are constrained to pause and consider what is the right and destiny of all this, and to begin comparisons between material wealth beyond a competency and that wealth of mind which alone elevates and ennobles man.

Midas of the ass's ears is dead, choked on gold given him by offended deities; but Midas of the serpent, Midas of the slimy way, still lives, and is among us, sapping our industries, monopolizing our products, glutting himself with the hard-earned gold of our working men and women. Let him take warning; let him go bathe in Pactolus and cleanse himself withal.

The time will surely come in California when some will surfeit of wealth and hold the money struggle in contempt. They will tire of the harpies of avarice who snatch from them the mind-food for which they pine, even as the fabled harpies snatched from the luxury-loving monarch Prester John the food for which his body hungered. This western spurt of enterprise is a century-step backward in certain kinds of culture.

San Francisco has absorbed well-nigh all that is left of the Inferno. Take the country at large, and since the youthful fire that first flashed in our cities and cañons California in some respects has degenerated. Avarice is a good flint on which to strike the metal of our minds, but it yields no steady flame. The hope of sudden gain excites the passions, whets the brain, and rouses the energies; but when the effort is over, whether successful or otherwise, the mind sinks into comparative listlessness. It must have some healthier pabulum than cupidity, or it starves. The quality of our Californian mind to-day may be seen displayed in our churches and in the newspaper press. The most intellectual and refined of our pulpit orators are not always the most popular. Clerical jolly-good-fellow-

CHAPTER III.

SPRINGS AND LITTLE BROOKS.

On fait presque toujours les grandes choses sans savoir comment on les fait, et on est tout surpris qu'on les a faites. Demandez à César comment il se rendit le maître du monde; peut-être ne vous repondra-t-il pas aisément.

Fontenelle.

Sermonize as we may on fields and atmospheres, internal agencies and environment, at the end of life we know little more of the influences that moulded us than at the beginning. Without rudder or compass our bark is sent forth on the stormy sea, and although we fancy we know our present haven, the trackless path by which we came hither we cannot retrace. The record of a life written—what is it? Between the lines are characters invisible which might tell us something could we translate them. They might tell us something of those ancient riddles, origin and destiny, free-will and necessity, discussed under various names by learned men through the centuries, and all without having penetrated one hair's breadth into the mystery, all without having gained any knowledge of the subject not possessed by men primeval. In this mighty and universal straining to fathom the unknowable, Plato, the philosophic Greek, seems to succeed no better than Moncacht Apé, the philosophic savage.

This much progress, however, has been made; there are men now living who admit that they know nothing about such matters; that after a lifetime of study and meditation the eyes of the brightest intellect can see beyond the sky no farther than those of

the most unlearned dolt. And they are the strongest who acknowledge their weakness in this regard; they are the wisest who confess their ignorance. Even the ancients understood this, though by the mouth of Terentius they put the proposition a little differently: "Faciunt næ intelligendo, ut nihil intelligant;" by too much knowledge men bring it about that they know nothing. Confining our investigations to the walks of literature, surely one would think genius might tell something of itself, something of its inceptions and inspirations. But what says genius? "They ask me," complains Goethe of the perplexed critics who sought in vain the moral design of his play, "what idea I wished to incorporate with my *Faust*. Can I know it? Or, if I know, can I put it into words?" A similar retort was made by Sheridan Knowles to a question by Douglas Jerrold, who asked the explanation of a certain unintelligible incident in the plot of *The Hunchback*. "My dear boy," said Knowles, "upon my word I can't tell you. Plots write themselves."

Why we are what we are, and not some other person or thing; why we do as we do, turning hither instead of thither, are problems which will be solved only with the great and universal exposition. And yet there is little that seems strange to us in our movements. Things appear wonderful as they are unfamiliar; in the unknown and unfathomed we think we see God; but is anything known or fathomed? Who shall measure mind, we say, or paint the soul, or rend the veil that separates eternity and time? Yet do we but think of it, everything relating to mankind and the universe is strange, the spring that moves the mind of man not more than the mechanism on which it presses. "How wonderful is death!" says Shelley; but surely not more wonderful than life or intellect which brings us consciousness. We see the youth's bleached body carried to the grave, and wonder at the absence of that life so lately animating it, and question what it is, whence it came, and whither it

where he happens to be, and his teachers are the people, books, animals, plants, stones, and earth round about him."

There are millions of causes, then, why we are what we are, and when we can enumerate but a few score of them we rightly say we do not know. In my own case, that I was born in central Ohio rather than in Oahu is one cause; that my ancestors were of that stern puritan stock that delighted in self-denial and effective well-doing, sparing none, and least of all themselves, in their rigid proselyting zeal, is another cause; the hills and vales around my home, the woods and meadows through which I roamed, my daily tasks—no pretence alone of work—that were the beginning of a life-long practice of mental and muscular gymnastics, were causes; every opening of the eye, every wave of nature's inspiration, was a cause. And thus it ever is. Every ray of sunshine thrown upon our path, every shower that waters our efforts, every storm that toughens our sinews, swells the influence that makes us what we are. The lights and shades of a single day color one's whole existence. There is no drop of dew, no breath of air, no shore, no sea, no heavenly star, but writes its influence on our destiny. In the morning of life the infant sleeps into strength, and while he sleeps are planted the seeds of his fate; for weal or woe are planted the fig-tree and the thorn-tree, fair flowers and noisome weeds. Then are born cravings for qualities and forms of existence, high aspirations and debasing appetites; the poetic, the sacred, the sublime, and love, and longings, are there in their incipiency; hate, and all the influences for evil mingling with the rest. Wrapped in the mysterious enfoldings of fate are these innumerable springs of thought and action, for the most part dormant till wakened by the sunshine and storm wherein they bask and battle to the end.

And later in the life of the man, of the nation, or

the evolution of a principle, how frequently insignificant is the only appearing cause of mighty change. Mohammed, a tradesman's clerk, was constrained to marry his mistress and turn prophet, and therefrom arose a power which wellnigh overwhelmed christendom. Luther's sleep was troubled with impish dreams, and his waking hours with the presence of papal indulgences, from which results of indigestion, brain oppression, or extrinsic pressure of progress, the church was shorn of a good share of its authority. Frog soup was one day in 1790 prescribed as a suitable diet for a lady of Bologna, Signora Galvani; and but for this homely incident the existence of what we call galvanism might not have been discovered to this day. Joseph Smith's revelation put into his hands the metal-plated book of Mormon, though unfortunately for his followers it was some three centuries late in appearing.

Lucian's first occupation was making gods, a business quite extensively indulged in by all men of all ages—making deities and demolishing them; carving them in wood, or out of airy nothings, and then setting them a-fighting. Lucian used to cut Mercuries out of marble in his uncle's workshop. Thence he descended to humbler undertakings, learned to write, and finally handled the gods somewhat roughly. Thus with him the one occupation followed closely on the other. Thomas Hood's father was a bookseller, and his uncle an engraver. Disgusted first with a mercantile and afterward with a mechanical occupation, Hood took to verse-making, and finally abandoned himself wholly to literature. And there is at least one instance where a young scribbler, Planché, resolved to be a bookseller so that he might have the opportunity of publishing his own works; in accordance with which determination he apprenticed himself, though shortly afterward, not finding in the connection the benefits imagined, he took to play-acting and writing. An author of genius sometimes

grandfather dig and store his potatoes, and gather and sell his apples, the fine seek-no-farthers readily bringing a cent apiece by the dozen. His grandmother met her death from an accident at ninety-five. A mile and a half from this Pratt farm lived my grandfather Bancroft, a man of good judgment, active in light open-air work, though not of sound health, for he was afflicted with asthma. My grandmother was a woman of great endurance, tall and slender, with a facility for accomplishing work which was a marvel to her neighbors. "She did not possess great physical force," says my father in his journal, "but managed to accomplish no inconsiderable work in rearing a large family, and providing both for their temporal and spiritual wants—clothing them according to the custom of the time with the wool and flax of her own spinning. The raw material entered the house from the farm, and never left it except as warm durable garments upon the backs of its inmates. The fabric was quite good, as good at least as that of our neighbors, though I ought to admit that it would not compare with the Mission woollen goods of San Francisco; still, I think a peep into my mother's factory as it was in the year 1800 would be found interesting to her descendants of the present day. This was before the day of our country carding machines. My mother had nine operatives at this time, of different ages, and not a drone among us all. All were busy with the little picking machines, the hand-cards, the spinning-wheel, and the loom. It can be well imagined that my mother was much occupied in her daily duties, yet she found time to teach her little ones the way to heaven, and to pray with them that they might enter therein. And such teaching! such prayers! What of the result? We verily believe those children all gave their hearts to the Savior, either early in childhood or in youth. She had eleven children; two died in infancy. The remaining nine all reared families, and a large propor-

tion of them are pious. May a gracious God have mercy upon the rising generation, and in answer to the prayers of a long line of pious ancestry save their children. My mother died in Granville, Ohio, January 29, 1842, in her seventy-first year."

It seemed to me that boys in Ohio were early put to work, but they used to begin earlier in Massachusetts. A boy, or rather baby of five, could ride horse to plow, a line for guiding the animal being then used less than at present. He could gather surface stones into little heaps, drop corn, and pull flax. During the next year or two, in his linen frock, he performed all kinds of general light work; among the rest he would walk beside the ox team while plowing. The farm on which my father worked at this tender age was quite rough and stony, and before the plowing oxen was sometimes hitched a gentle horse without a bridle, guided, like the oxen, with the whip. My father had not yet reached the end of his sixth year when, toward the close of a long hot summer day, during which he had trudged manfully, whip in hand, beside these cattle, he became exceedingly tired, and the silent tears began to fall. Noticing this the father asked, "What is the matter, my child?" "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only I think this is a pretty big team for so small a boy to drive all day." "I think so too, my son, and we will stop now," said my grandfather. After his seventh birthday my father was withdrawn from school during summer, his services on the farm being too valuable to be spared. In 1809 my grandfather Bancroft removed his family to Pennsylvania, where Yankees were then eyed suspiciously by the Dutch, and in 1814 he emigrated to Ohio.

My mother was a native of Vermont. Sibyl Phelps was her mother's maiden name, and the Phelps family at an early day removed from the vicinity of St Albans to Ohio. My mother's parents were both originally from Massachusetts, Sibyl

Phelps leaving Springfield about the time Curtis Howe, my mother's father, left Granville, the two meeting first at Swanton, Vermont, in 1797, their marriage taking place the following year. Curtis Howe was one in whom were united singular mildness of disposition and singular firmness of character, and withal as lovable a nature as ever man had. He lived to the age of ninety-eight, a venerable patriarch, proud of his numerous descendants, who with one accord regarded him as the best man that ever lived. Like a shepherd amidst his flock, with his white hair, and mild beaming eye, and quiet loving smile; with sweet counsel ever falling from his lips, Sabbath days and other days, his simple presence blessed them. In the consciousness of duty well performed, with a firm reliance on his God, a faith deep-rooted in his bible, which though the mountains were upturned could not be shaken, a trust that the sweet Christ on whom he leaned would guide his steps and smooth his path daily and hourly so long as life should last, and give him final rest, the good man brought down heaven and made the world to him a paradise. And when earthly trials thickened, he lifted his soul and soared amidst the stars, and made the saints and angels his companions.

Ah! talk not to me of living then and now. We plume ourselves, poor fools, and say that more of life is given us in the short space we run it through than was vouchsafed our ancestors a century or two ago in thrice the time. Puffed up by our mechanical contrivances which we call science, our parcelling-out of earth and ores which we call wealth, our libertinism which we call liberty; casting ourselves adrift from our faith, calling in question the wisdom and goodness of our maker, throwing off all law but the law of lust, all affection save avarice and epicurism, we plunge headlong into some pandemonium or cast ourselves under some soul-crushing juggernaut of progress, and

call it life, and boast one year of such hurry-skurry existence to be worth ten, ay, a hundred, of the old-time sort.

Lacrymæ Christi! What, then, is life? To swine, a wallowing in the mire; to the money-getter, a wrangling on the mart; to the brainless belle, a beau, dancing, and dissipation; to the modern young man, billiards, cigars, and champagne cocktails—and if he stops at these he does well. To the woman of fashion life is a war on wrinkles; to the epicure, it is frogs and turtles; to the roué, women and fast horses; to the politician, chicanery, cheatings, and overreachings; to the man of science, evolution, universal law, and a dark uncertain future. Away with aged father and tottering mother! hence with them, coffin them, wall them in, send their souls quick to heaven and let their names be canonized, so that they depart and give their ambitious children room. So swiftly do the actions of modern fast livers follow their swift thoughts that the recording angel must be indeed a good stenographer to take down all their doings. "Think of the crowning hours of men's lives," exclaims Thomas Starr King, "if you would learn how much living can be crowded into a minute; of Copernicus, when he first saw the sun stop in its career, and the earth, like a moth, begin to flutter round it; of Newton, when the law of gravity was first breaking into the inclosure of his philosophy, and at the same glance he saw his own name written forever on the starry sky; of Le Verrier, when from Berlin word came back that a new planet had been evoked by the sorcery of his mathematics, to spin a wider thread of reflected light than had ever before been traced; of Washington, when the English general's sword was surrendered to him at Yorktown; of Columbus, when on his deck 'before the upright man there arose a light,' when San Salvador lifted its candle to his sight and shot its rays across on Castile; and for the jeers of a continent, the mutiny of his men, he was repaid as he saw that the round idea that

haunted him was demonstrated. To pictures like these we must turn to understand the untranslatable bliss of which a moment is capable, to learn what fast living really is."

To few, however, is given the happiness of thus hanging the results of a noble life on a point of time, but to all is given the privilege of making somewhat of life. Our life is but one among millions of lives, our world one among millions of worlds, our solar system one among millions of solar systems. "La plupart des hommes," says La Bruyère, "emploient la première partie de leur vie à rendre l'autre misérable." Nevertheless it is safe to say that every man receives from the world more than he gives. These so-called fast livers do not live at all, do not know what life is. They act as though they imagined it to be a gladiatorial show, in which each was called to be an actor, a thief, and fierce butcher of time, when in reality they are but spectators, the creator providing the entertainment, which is not a gladiatorial show, but a pastoral feast, where nature herself presides and distributes the gifts. Let it be inscribed on the tombstone of him whose fastness of life lies in money, wine, and women:—Here lies one to whom God had given intellect and opportunity, who lived—nay rotted—in an age which yielded to inquiry the grandest returns, doubly rewarding the efforts of mind by blessing him who gave and him who received; but who in all his threescore years lived not an hour, being absorbed all that time in hurried preparations to live, and who died laboring under the strange delusion that he had lived half a century or more. There is about all this bustle and business the stifling vapor of merchandise, town lots, and stocks, which, as one says truthfully, "deoxygenates the air of its fair humanities and ethereal spiritualities, and the more one breathes of it the less one lives." What recompense to mummied man for overheated brain, withered affections, and scoffing distempers? Can

Both of my parents were born in the year 1799. I was born in Granville, Ohio, on the fifth day of May, 1832, just two centuries after the arrival of my ancestor John in America. The town of Granville was settled by a colony from New England, and took its name from Granville, Massachusetts, whence many of its settlers came. It was in 1805 that a company was formed in Granville, Massachusetts, to emigrate to the far west, and two of the number went to search the wilderness for a suitable location. They selected a heavily timbered township in Ohio, in the county of Licking, so called from the deer-licks found there. They secured from the proprietors, Stanbury and Rathburn, this tract, and it afterward took the name of Granville, as before mentioned, from their old home. The year following the colony was organized, not as a joint-stock company, but as a congregational church. At starting a sermon was preached from the text: "If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." Then, after baking much bread, a portion of which was dried to rusk and coarsely ground at the flouring mill, the cattle were hitched to the wagons, and driving their cows before them they moved off in the direction of the star of empire. It was quite a different thing, this New England colony, from an ordinary western settlement. Though eminently practical, it partook rather of the subjective and rational element than of the objective and material. Though unlike their forefathers fleeing from persecution—only for more and better land than they could find at home would they go—they nevertheless, with their households, transplanted their opinions and their traditions, without abating one jot or tittle of either. With their ox teams and horse teams, with all their belongings in covered wagons, these colonists came, bearing in their bosoms their love of God, their courageous faith, their stern morality, their delight in sacrifice; talking of these things by the way, camping by the road side at night, resting on the Sabbath when

all the religious ordinances of the day were strictly observed, consuming in the journey as many days as it now occupies half-hours, and all with thanksgiving, prayer, and praise.

Quite a contrast, this sort of swarming, to that which characterized the exodus to California less than half a century later, wherein greed usurped the place of godliness, and lust the place of love. The nation had progressed, it was said, since Ohio was the frontier—crablike in some respects, surely; nevertheless there was more of 'life' in it, that is to say ebullition, fermentation, called life, as brainless boys and men doomed to perdition call their fopperies, harlotings, and drunken revelries life. There had been a grand broadening since then; Yankeedom now stretched, if not from pole to pole, at least from ocean to ocean, and scarcely had the guns ceased braying that added to our domain the whole of Alta California when the chink of gold was heard upon our western seaboard, and thither flocked adventurers of every caste, good and bad, learned and unlearned, mercantile, mechanical, and nondescript. The sons of the puritans, in common with all the world, rose and hastily departed on their pilgrimage to this new shrine of Plutus. Eagerly they skirted the continent, doubled Cape Horn, crossed the Isthmus, or traversed the plains, in order to reach the other side. The old covered wagon was again brought out, the oxen and the horses; wives and little ones were left behind, and so, alas! too often were conscience, and honesty, and humanity. Not as their forefathers had journeyed did these latter-day men of progress migrate. Sacrifice, there was enough of it, but of quite a different kind. Comfort, society with its wholesome restraints, and Sabbath were sacrificed; the bible, the teachings of their youth, and the Christ himself, were sacrificed. Oaths and blasphemy instead of praise and thanksgiving were heard; drunken revelry and gambling took

lating of the family book of life almost in century-pages. Living is not always better than dying; but to my boys I would say, if they desire to live long in this world they must work and be temperate in all things.

Thus it happened that I was born into an atmosphere of pungent and invigorating puritanism, such as falls to the lot of few in these days of material progress and transcendental speculation. This atmosphere, however, was not without its fogs. Planted in this western New England oasis, side by side with the piety and principles of the old Plymouth colony, and indeed one with them, were all the antis and isms that ever confounded Satan—Calvinism, Lutheranism, Knoxism, and Hussism, pure and adulterated; abolitionism, whilom accounted a disgrace, later the nation's proudest honor; anti-rum, anti-tobacco, anti tea and coffee, anti sugar and cotton if the enslaved black man grew them, and anti fiddles and cushions and carpets in the churches, anti-sensualism of every kind, and even comforts if they bordered on luxury. Thus the fanatically good, in their vehement attempts at reform, may perchance move some atom of the progressional world which of inherent necessity, if left alone, would move without their aid or in spite of them. Multitudinous meetings and reforms, high-pressure and low-pressure, were going on, whether wise or unwise, whether there was anything to meet for or to reform, or not. As my mother used to say, "to be good and to do good should constitute the aim and end of every life." Children particularly should be reformed, and that right early; and so Saturday night was 'kept,' preparatory to the Sabbath, on which day three 'meetings' were always held, besides a Sunday-school and a prayer-meeting, the intervals being filled with Saturday-cooked repasts, catechism, and Sunday readings.

Preparations were made for the Sabbath as for a

solemn ovation. The garden was put in order, and the sheep and kine were driven to their quiet quarters. The house was scrubbed, and in the winter fuel prepared the day before. All picture-books and scraps of secular reading which might catch the eye and offend the imagination were thrust into a closet, and on the table in their stead were placed the bible, *Memoirs of Payson*, and *Baxter's Saints' Rest.* The morning of the holy day crept silently in; even nature seemed subdued. The birds sang softer; the inmates of the farm-yard put on their best behavior; only the brazen-faced sun dared show itself in its accustomed character. Prayers and breakfast over, cleanly frocked, through still streets and past closed doors each member of the household walked with downcast eyes to church. Listen and heed. Speak no evil of the godly man, nor criticise his words.

Not only is religion, or the necessity of worship, as much a part of us as body, mind, or soul, but ingrafted superstition of some sort so fastens itself on our nature that the philosophy of the most skeptical cannot wholly eradicate it.

Often have I heard latter-day progressive fathers say: "For myself, I care not for dogmas and creeds, but something of the kind is necessary for women and children; society else would fall in pieces." Without subscribing to such a sentiment, I may say that I thank God for the safe survival of strict religious training; and I thank him most of all for emancipation from it. It may be good to be born in a hotbed of reverential sectarianism; it is surely better, at some later time, to escape it.

Excess of any kind is sure, sooner or later, to defeat its own ends. Take, for instance, the meetings inflicted on the society into which destiny had projected me. There were pulpit meetings, conference meetings, missionary meetings, temperance meetings, mothers' meetings, young men's meetings, Sunday-school meetings, inquiry meetings, moral-reform meet-

rality principles, the more we cultivate in our hearts the elements of piety, morality, and honesty, the better and happier we are. This the experience of all mankind in all ages teaches, and this our own experience tells us every day. Whatever else I know or am doubtful of, one thing is plain and sure to me: to do my duty as best I may, each day and hour, as it comes before me; to do the right as best I know it, toward God, my neighbor, and myself; this done, and I may safely trust the rest. To know the right, and do it, that is life. Compromises with misery-breeding ignorance, blind and stupid bigotry, and coyings and harlotings with pestilential prudences, lackadaisical loiterings and tamperings with conscience, when right on before you is the plain Christ-trodden path—these things are death. He who knows the right and does it, never dies; he who tampers with the wrong, dies every day. But alas! conduct is one thing and rules of conduct quite another.

Nevertheless, I say it is better to be righteous overmuch than to be incorrigibly wicked. And so the puritans of Granville thought as they enlarged their meeting-houses, and erected huge seminaries of learning, and called upon the benighted from all parts to come in and be told the truth. Likewise they comforted the colored race.

The most brilliant exploit of my life was performed at the tender age of eleven, when I spent a whole night in driving a two-horse wagon-load of runaway slaves on their way from Kentucky and slavery to Canada and freedom—an exploit which was regarded in those days by that community with little less approbation than that bestowed by a fond Apache mother upon the son who brandishes before her his first scalp. The ebony cargo consisted of three men and two women, who had been brought into town the night before by some teamster of kindred mind to my father's, and kept snugly stowed away from prying

eyes during the day. About nine o'clock at night the large lumber-box wagon filled with straw was brought out, and the black dissenters from the American constitution, who so lightly esteemed our glorious land of freedom, were packed under the straw, and some blankets and sacks thrown carelessly over them, so that outwardly there might be no significance of the dark and hidden meaning of the load. My careful mother bundled me in coats and scarfs, to keep me from freezing, and with a round of good-bys, given not without some apprehensions for my safety, and with minute instructions, repeated many times lest I should forget them, I climbed to my seat, took the reins, and drove slowly out of town. Once or twice I was hailed by some curious passer-by with, "What have you got there?" to which I made answer as in such case had been provided. Just what the answer was I have forgotten, but it partook somewhat of the flavor of my mission, which was more in the direction of the law of God than of the law of man. Without telling an unadulterated Ananias and Sapphira lie, I gave the inquirer no very reliable information; still, most of the people in that vicinity understood well enough what the load meant, and were in sympathy with the shippers. I was much nearer danger when I fell asleep and ran the wagon against a tree near a bank, over which my load narrowly escaped being turned. The fact is, this was the first time in my life I had ever attempted to keep my eyes open all night, and more than once, as my horses jogged along, I was brought to my senses by a jolt, and without any definite idea of the character of the road for some distance back. My freight behaved very well; once fairly out into the country, and into the night, the 'darkies' straightened up, grinned, and appeared to enjoy the performance hugely. During the night they would frequently get out and walk, always taking care to keep carefully covered in passing through a town. About three o'clock in the morning

I entered a village and drove up to the house whither I had been directed, roused the inmates, and transferred to them my load. Then I drove back, sleepy but happy.

Once my father's barn was selected as the most available place for holding a grand abolition meeting, the first anniversary of the Ohio State Anti-Slavery society. Rotten eggs flew lively about the heads of the speakers, but they suffered no serious inconvenience from them until after the meeting was over and they had begun their homeward journey. Beyond the precincts of the village they were met by a mob, and although spurring their horses they did not escape until the foul flood had drenched them. Those were happy days, when there was something to suffer for; now that the slavery monster is dead, and the slayers have well-nigh spent their strength kicking the carcass, there is no help for reformers but to run off into woman's rights, free-love, and a new string of petty isms which should put them to the blush after their doughty deeds. There are yet many souls dissatisfied with God's management of things, who feel themselves ordained to re-create mankind upon a model of their own. Unfortunately the model varies, and instead of one creator we have ten thousand, who turn the world upside down with their whimsical vagaries.

I cannot say that my childhood was particularly happy; or if it was, its sorrows are deeper graven on my memory than its joys. The fault, if fate be fault, was not my parents', who were always most kind to me. Excessive sensitiveness has ever been my curse; since my earliest recollections I have suffered from this defect more than I can tell. My peace of mind has ever been in hands other than my own; at school rude boys cowed and tormented me, and later knaves and fools have held me in derision.

How painful to a sensitive mind is the attention

ill. That *divina particula auræ*, the one little particle of divine breath that is within us, will not let us rest. As Pierre Nicol has it, "L'homme est si misérable, que l'inconstance avec laquelle il abandonne ses desseins est, en quelque sorte, sa plus grande vertu; parce qu'il témoigne par là qu'il y a encore en lui quelque reste de grandeur qui le porte à se dégoûter des choses qui ne méritent pas son amour et son estime."

Lovely little Granville! dear, quiet home-nook; under the long grass of thy wall-encircled burial-ground rest the bones of these new puritan patriarchs, whose chaste lives, for their descendants, and for all who shall heed them, bridge the chasm between the old and the new, between simple faith and soul-sacrificing science, between the east and the west—the chasm into which so many have haplessly fallen. Many a strong man thou hast begotten and sent forth, not cast upon the world lukewarm, characterless, but as sons well trained and positive for good or evil.

Lovely in thy summer smiles and winter frowns; lovely, decked in dancing light and dew pearls, or in night's star-studded robe of sleep. Under the soft sky of summer we ploughed and planted, made hay, and harvested the grain. Winter was the time for study, while nature, wrapped in her cold covering, lay at rest. Fun and frolic then too were abroad on those soft silvery nights, when the moon played between the brilliant sky and glistening snow, and the crisp air carried far over the hills the sound of bells and merry laughter. Then winter warms into spring, that sun-spirit which chases away the snow, and swells the buds, and fills the air with the melody of birds, and scatters fragrance over the breathing earth; and spring melts into summer, and summer sighs her autumn exit—autumn, loved by many as the sweetest, saddest time of the year, when the husbandman, after laying up his

winter store, considers for a moment his past and future, when the squirrel heaps its nest with nuts, and the crow flies to the woods, and the cries of birds of passage in long angular processions are heard high in air, and the half-denuded forest is tinged with the hectic flush of dying foliage.

I well remember, on returning from my absence, with what envy and dislike I regarded as interlopers those who then occupied my childhood home; and child as I was, the earliest and most determined ambition of my life was to work and earn the money to buy back the old stone house. Ah God! how with swelling heart, and flushed cheek, and brain on fire, I have later tramped again that ground, the ground my boyhood trod; how I have skirted it about, and wandered through its woods, and nestled in its hedges, listening to the rustling leaves and still forest murmurings that seemed to tell me of the past; uncovering my head to the proud old elms that nodded to me as I passed, and gazing at the wild-flowers that looked up into my face and smiled as I trod them, even as time had trodden my young heart; whispering to the birds that stared strangely at me and would not talk to me—none save the bickering blackbird, and the distant turtle-dove to whose mournful tone my breast was tuned; watching in the little stream the minnows that I used to fancy waited for me to come and feed them before they went to bed; loitering under the golden-sweet appletree where I used to loll my study hours away; eying the ill-looking beasts that occupied the places of my pets, while at every step some familiar object would send a thousand sad memories tugging at my heartstrings, and call up scenes happening a few years back but acted seemingly ages ago, until I felt myself as old as Abraham. There was the orchard, celestial white and fragrant in its blossoms, whose every tree I could tell, and the fruit that grew on it; the meadow, through whose bristling stubble my naked feet had

CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNTRY BOY BECOMES A BOOKSELLER.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work and tools to work withal, for those who will.

Lowell.

Crossing a muddy street one rainy day on her way to school, my eldest sister, dark-eyed and tender of heart, encountered a sandy-haired but by no means ill-looking youth, who made way for her by stepping back from the plank which served pedestrians. The young man was a member of the Derby family of booksellers, afterward noted for their large establishments in various cities. Of course these two young persons, thus thrown together on this muddy crossing, fell in love; how else could it be? and in due time were married, vowing thenceforth to cross all muddy streets in company, and not from opposite directions. And in this rain, and mud, and marriage, I find another of the causes that led me to embark in literature. The marriage took place in 1845, when I was thirteen years of age, and the happy couple made their home in Geneva, New York, where Mr Derby was then doing business. Subsequently he removed his bookstore and family to Buffalo.

On our return from the land of milk and honey, as we at first soberly and afterward ironically called our southern prairie home, my father entered into copartnership with one Wright, a tanner and farmer. The tasks then imposed upon me were little calculated to give content or yield profit. Mingled with my school and Sunday duties, interspersed with occasional times

that at the age of three years I could read the New Testament without having to spell out many of the words. If that be true the talent must have ended with my childhood, for later on taking up study I found it almost impossible to learn, and still more difficult to remember, whatever talent I may have possessed in that direction having been driven out of me in the tread-mill of business.

One winter I was sent to the brick school-house, a rusty red monument of orthodox efforts, long since torn down. There presided over the boys at one time my mother's brother. The Howes engaged in school-teaching naturally, they and their children, boys and girls, without asking themselves why. The family have taught from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in New York, Ohio, Iowa, Nevada, Oregon, and California. They were good teachers, and they were good for nothing else. Take from them their peculiar knack of imparting knowledge and there were left only bones and nerves kept in motion by a purposeless brain. The one who taught in Granville had written a grammar, and all the boys were compelled to study it. It consisted chiefly of rules which could not be understood, and contained little of the kind of examples which remained fastened in the mind to be afterward of practical value. It is safe to say that children now learn twice as much with half the trouble. Then the study of grammar under a grammar-making uncle did me little good.

Those Howe grammar lessons were the curse of that winter. Often I wept over the useless and distasteful drudgery, but in vain. Tears were a small argument with my parents where they deemed duty to be concerned; and the brother made my mother believe that if I failed in one jot or tittle of his grammar there would be no hope for me afterward in any direction. Mathematics I enjoyed. Stretched on the hearth before a blazing fire, with book and slate, I worked out my problems during the long

and began distributing my goods among the country merchants of that vicinity. For about four months I travelled in this manner over different parts of my native state, selling, remitting, and ordering more goods, and succeeding in the main very well; that is to say, I paid my expenses, and all the obligations I had before contracted, and had enough left to buy a silver watch, and a suit of black broadcloth. Never was watch like that watch, fruit as it was of my first commercial earnings.

Winter approaching, I sold out my stock, paid my debts, and went home. Owing to my success, it seems, I had risen somewhat in the estimation of the Buffalo book magnates, and just as my mind was made up to enter school for the winter I was summoned back to Buffalo, with instructions to bring my youngest sister, Mary, afterward Mrs Trevett. We embarked at Sandusky, encountering the first night out a storm, and after beating about among the short jerky waves of the lake for two days, we reached Buffalo on the 8th of December, 1849. This time I was to enter the store as a recognized clerk, and was to receive a salary of one hundred dollars a year from the first of January, 1850.

I now began to look upon myself as quite a man. A hundred dollars was a great deal of money; I was over seventeen years of age, had travelled, had been in business, and was experienced. So I relaxed a little from puritanical ideas of propriety. I bought a high hat and a cane; smoked now and then surreptitiously a cigar; a gaudy tie adorned my neck, and a flashy ring encircled my finger. I do not think I ever held myself in higher estimation before or since; at no time of my life did I ever presume so much on my knowledge, or present personally so fine an appearance. On the street I fancied all eyes to be upon me; the girls particularly, I used to think, were all in love with me.

Honored and trusted, my moroseness evaporated at

It was a few months before I left my home for the first time that gold had been discovered in California; but not until a year later did the news so overspread the country as to cause any excitement in the quiet town of Granville. Scarcely had I reached Buffalo the second time when letters informed me that my father was thinking of going to the new El Dorado. The ancient leaven of industry and enterprise still worked in him, and although far past the average age of those who joined the pilgrimage to the golden shrine, he could not resist the temptation. Though but little over fifty, he was called an old man in those days in California. By the 1st of February it was settled that he would go, and in March, 1850, he set sail from New York. I had a boyish desire to accompany him, but did not think seriously of going at the time. I was more absorbed in flirtations, oyster suppers, and dancing parties than fascinated by the prospect of digging for gold.

Nevertheless the wheel of my destiny was turning. In January, 1851, Mr Derby received a letter from an uncle of mine, my mother's brother, then in Oregon, ordering quite a quantity of books. This demand, coming from a new and distant market, made quite an impression upon the mind of the ardent young bookseller. Visions filled his brain of mammoth warehouses rising in vast cities along the shores of the Pacific, of publication offices and manufacturing establishments, having hundreds of busy clerks and artisans, buying, making, and selling books, and he would walk the floor excitedly and talk of these things by the hour, until he was wellnigh ready to sell out a safe and profitable business, pack up, and go to California himself. These visions were prophetic; and through his instrumentality one such establishment as he had dreamed of was planted in the metropolis of this western seaboard, although he did not live to know of it.

My nearest companion at this time was a fellow-clerk, George L. Kenny, the son of an Irish gentleman.

CHAPTER V.

HAIL CALIFORNIA! ESTO PERPETUA!

Never despair; but if you do, work in despair.
Burke.

A DETAILED description of an early voyage from New York to Chagres, across the Isthmus to Panamá, and thence to San Francisco, belongs rather to the time than to the individual. So large a portion of the Californian's life, during the first twenty years following the discovery of gold, was occupied in the passage by the various routes from one side of the continent to the other, that a picture of that epoch, with this prominent and characteristic scene left out, would be unfinished. During the first fifteen years of my residence on the western coast I made the passage between New York and San Francisco by way of Panamá no less than eleven times, thus spending on the water nearly one year, or what would be almost equivalent to every other Sunday during that time. Many made the voyage twice or thrice as often, and life on the steamer was but a part of California life. It was there the beginning was made; it was sometimes the ending. It was there the angular eccentricities were first filed off, and roughly filed, as many a soft-bearded fledgling thought. It was there the excrescences of egotism and the morbid superfluities fastened on the character by local training, or lack of training, first began the rub against the excrescences and superfluities of others, all of which tended to the ultimate polish and perfection of the mass.

In my *California Inter Pocula* I have given a full account of the voyage out. I have there given it in detail, not because of anything particularly striking, but to show what the voyage in those days was; for, excepting shipwrecks, epidemics, or other special hardships, they were all very like. I shall not therefore repeat the description here, but merely say that on the 24th of February, 1852, in company with Mr Kenny, I embarked at New York on the steamer *George Law*, bound for Habana. On reaching this port the sixth day, passengers, mails, and freight were transferred, with those of the steamer from New Orleans, to the *Georgia*, which that night sailed for Chagres, touching at Jamaica. Arrived at Chagres we were sent to Aspinwall to disembark, so as to ride over some six or eight miles of the Panamá railway just then opened for that distance—that we might ride over the road and pay the fare. After the usual delay on the Isthmus we embarked on the steamer *Panamá* the 12th of March, touched at several ports on the Pacific, and reached San Francisco at twelve o'clock the first day of April.

When I arrived in California John Bigler was governor. The capital had just been removed from Vallejo to Sacramento. In San Francisco the wars with squatters, Peter Smith titles, and water-lot frauds were attracting the chief attention. Portions of the streets were brilliantly lighted from the glare of gambling-saloons; elsewhere all was thick darkness. On Montgomery street, indeed, lamps were posted by the occupants, but there was no system of street lights, and in the dark places about the docks, in the back streets, and round the suburbs, many dark deeds were committed. Crime, driven into holes and hiding-places by the Vigilance Committee of 1851, was beginning to show its face again, but the authorities, wakened to a livelier sense of duty by the late arbitrary action of the citizens, were more on the alert than formerly, and criminals were caught and punished with some degree

boarding-house near by, and left shortly afterward for Rich bar.

I cannot say that I enjoyed this kind of life, and could scarcely have endured it but for the thought that it was only temporary. At night the animals were turned loose to graze. Early in the morning, long before the sun had risen, I was up and over the hills after them. Stiff and sore from the previous day's work, wet with wading through the long damp grass, I was in no humor to enjoy those glorious mornings, ushered in by myriads of sweet songsters welcoming the warm sunlight which came tremblingly through the soft misty air. To the clouds of top-knotted quails which rose at my approach, the leaping hare, the startled deer, and the thick beds of fresh fragrant flowers which I trampled under my feet, I was alike indifferent. The music of the mules alone allured me, though the clapper of the bell which told me where they were beat discordantly on my strained ear. Back to my breakfast and then to work. How I loaded and lashed the poor dumb beasts in my distemper, and gritted my teeth with vexation over the unwelcome task! The sharp rock cut my hands, the heavy logs of wood strained my muscles; and my temper, never one of the sweetest, fumed and fretted like that of a newly chained cub. Were it in my power I would have pluralized those mules so as to smite the more. Some woods send forth fragrance under the tool of the carver. Such was not my nature. I never took kindly to misfortune; prosperity fits me like a glove. It is good to be afflicted; but I do not like to receive the good in that way. "Bonarum rerum consuetudo est pessima," says Publius Syrus; but such has not been my experience. I will admit that adversity may be good for other people, but the continuance of prosperity, I verily believe, has never by any means been prejudicial to me, either in mind or morality. Byron thought Shelley, who

had borne up manfully under adversity, the most amiable of men, until he saw Lord Blessington, who had retained his gentle good nature through a long series of unvarying prosperity.

The night before leaving Buffalo I had danced until morning. It happened that about the only clothes saved from the thieves of the Isthmus were the ones used on that occasion. These I wore until work turned them into rags. In the pocket I one day found a pair of white kid gloves, relic of past revelries, and putting them on I gathered up the reins, mounted the load, and beating my mules into a round trot, rode up to the mill laughing bitterly at the absurdity of the thing. It was the irony of gentlemanly digging. Ten or twelve loads was a fair day's work; I hauled twenty or twenty-five. A dollar a load was the price allowed—but it was not money, it was wrath, that made me do it. My father, though mild in his treatment of me, expostulated. He feared I would kill the animals. I said nothing, but when out of his sight I only drove them the harder. Little cared I whether the mules or myself were killed. Sunday was a day of rest, but on Monday I felt sorer in body and mind than on any other day. I had brought plenty of books with me, but could not read, or if I did it was only to raise a flood of longings which seemed sometimes to overwhelm me. My soul was in harmony with nothing except the coyotes which all night howled discordantly behind the hills.

After two months of this kind of life the hot weather was upon us. The streams began to dry up; water was becoming scarce. We had heaped up the wood and the rock about the mill, and my tally showed a long score against the company for work. But the mill did not pay. There was always something wrong about it, some little obstacle that stood in the way of immediate brilliant success: the stamps were not heavy enough, or the metal was too soft, or they did not work smoothly; the rest of the ma-

Well, the goods arrived, and the firm of Cooke, Kenny, and Company was organized, the company being a young friend of Mr Cooke. I had free access to the premises, and watched matters closely for a while. Everything went on satisfactorily, and the whole amount was remitted to the executors of Mr Derby's estate according to agreement. Meanwhile I had applied myself more earnestly than ever to obtain work of some kind. I felt obliged to stay in San Francisco until my account with the estate was settled, unwilling to trust any one for that, and I greatly preferred remaining in the city altogether. Mines and the miners, and country trading of any kind, had become exceedingly distasteful to me. I felt, if an opportunity were offered, that I would prove competent and faithful in almost any capacity; for though diffident I had an abundance of self-conceit, or at least of self-reliance, and would do anything. Accustomed to work all my life, idleness was to me the greatest of afflictions. My bones ached for occupation and I envied the very hod-carriers.

Thus for six months, day after day, I tramped the streets of San Francisco seeking work, and failed to find it. Thousands have since in like manner applied to me, and remembering how the harsh refusals once cut my sensitive nature, I try to be kind to applicants of whatsoever degree, and if not always able to give work I can at least offer sympathy and advice. Finally, sick with disappointment, I determined to leave the city: not for the Sierra foothills; rather China, or Australia. The choice must be made quickly, for the last dollar from Rich bar was gone, and I would not live on others, or run in debt with nothing wherewith to pay. Often I wandered down about the shipping and scanned the vessels for different ports. I knew little of the various parts of the world, and had little choice where to go. My future turned upon a hair.

In the spring of 1853 the San Francisco papers

dirt that made glad the hearts of those awaiting them in their eastern homes. Several parties went in search of this lone cabin at various times. It was confidently believed that some day it would be found, and when that day should come, a seaport town, with railways, wharves, and shipping, would be absolutely necessary to furnish the diggers in that vicinity with food and clothing, tents, strychnine whiskey, and playing-cards, and receive and export for the honest magnates the tons of heavy yellow stuff which they would shovel up.

Knowing of no better place, I determined to try my fortune at Crescent City; so, with fifty dollars borrowed, and a case of books and stationery bought on credit, I embarked on board the steamer *Columbia* about the middle of May. Two days and one night the voyage lasted—long enough, with the crowded state of the vessel and the poor comforts at my command, to leave me on landing completely prostrated with sea-sickness and fatigue. Taken ashore in a whale-boat, I crawled to a hotel and went to bed. My box was landed in a lighter, but for a day or two I made no attempt at business. Adjoining the hotel was the general merchandise store of Crowell and Fairfield, and there I made the acquaintance of Mr Crowell, which resulted in mutual confidence and esteem. Mr Fairfield was then absent at the bay. As our friendship increased, Mr Crowell occasionally requested me to attend the store during his absence, and also to enter in the day-book sales which he had made. At length, on learning my purpose, he made me an offer of fifty dollars a month to keep his books, with the privilege of placing my stock on his shelves and selling from it for my own account free of charge. I gladly accepted, and was soon enrolled as book-keeper and book-seller. On his return Mr Fairfield ratified the arrangement, and we were ever after the best of friends. As I slept in the store, indulged in little dissipation, and was not extravagant in dress, my

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOUSE OF H. H. BANCROFT AND COMPANY.

Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.

Proverbs.

Home again! None but a wanderer, and a youthful wanderer, can feel those words in their fullest import. Back from the first three years in California. Out of the depths and into paradise. Away from harassing cares, from the discordant contentions of money-getting, from the contaminations of filthy debaucheries, beyond the shot of pistol or reach of bowie-knife, safe home, there let me rest. Nor does the prestige of success lessen the pleasure of the returned Californian. Even our warmest friends are human. Those who would nurse us most kindly in sickness, who would spare no self-denial for our comfort, who, unworthy as we might be of their affection, would die for us if necessary, the hearts of even these in their thanksgiving are warmed with pride if to their welcome they may add "Well done!"

How the snappish frosty air tingles the blood, and lightens the feet, and braces the sinews. How white the soft snow resting silently on trees and lawn, and how the music of the bells rings in the heart the remembrance of old time merrymakings! Rosy-cheeked girls, muffled in woollens and furs, frolic their way to school, filling the clear cold air with their musical laughter, and blooming young ladies grace the sidewalk in such numbers as would turn a mining camp topsy-turvy for a month. Oysters! How the whilom bean-and-bacon eaters regale themselves! First a

"You remember the money sent from California in return for goods shipped by Mr Derby?"

"Yes."

"The money is now so invested that I am fearful of losing it. Help me to get it, then take it and use it in any way you think best."

"I will help you to get it," said I, "most certainly, but I could not sleep knowing that your comfort depended on my success. I may be honest and capable, and yet fail. I may woo fortune but I cannot command her. The risk is altogether too great for you to take."

"Nevertheless I will take it," replied my noble sister, and in that decision she decided my destiny.

How a seemingly small thing, as we have before remarked, will sometimes turn the current, not only of a man's own future life, but that of his friends, his family, and multitudes who shall come after him. In this womanish resolve of my sister—womanish because prompted by the heart rather than by the head—the destinies of many hundreds of men and women were wrapped. By it my whole career in California was changed, and with mine that of my father's entire family. Herein is another cause, if we choose to call it so, of my embarking in literature. I hesitated yet further about taking the money, but finally concluded that I might keep it safely for her; if not, there was yet the Crescent City property to fall back upon.

After some little difficulty we succeeded in drawing the money, five thousand five hundred dollars, which sum was placed in my hands. I then asked her if she would accept a partnership in my proposed undertaking; but she answered no, she would prefer my note, made payable in five or six years, with interest at the rate of one per cent a month.

Now it was that I determined to execute the original plan formed by Mr Derby, in pursuance of which I first went to California; and that with the very money, I might say, employed by him, this being the

corner of Montgomery and Merchant streets, where ten years before a yerba-buena bordered sand-bank was washed by the tide-waters of the bay. Our stock arriving shortly after in good order, we opened it and began business under the firm name of H. H. Bancroft and Company about the first of December, 1856. There was nothing peculiar in the shop, its contents, business, or proprietors, that I am aware of. During the closing months of the year, and the opening months of the year following, the inside was exposed to the weather while the building was taking on a new front; but in such a climate this was no hardship. At night we closed the opening with empty boxes, and I turned into a cot bed under the counter to sleep; in the morning I arose, removed the boxes, swept the premises, put the stock in order, breakfasted, and was then ready to post books, sell goods, or carry bundles, according to the requirements of the hour. We let two offices, one to Mr Woods, the broker, and one to Jonathan Hunt, insurance agent, and thus reduced our rent one third, the original sum being two hundred and fifty dollars a month. With the constant fear of failure before me, I worked and watched unceasingly. Mr Kenny was salesman, for he was much more familiar with the business than I; he possessed many friends and had already a good trade established. Affairs progressed smoothly; we worked hard and made money, first slowly, then faster. Times were exceedingly dull. Year after year the gold crop had diminished; or if not diminished, it required twice the labor and capital to produce former results. Stocks had accumulated, merchants had fallen in arrears, and business depression was far greater than at any time since the discovery of gold. In the vernacular of the day, trade had touched bottom. But hard times are the very best of times in which to plant and nourish a permanent business. Hard times lead to careful trading and thrift; flush times to recklessness and overdoing. On every side of us old firms were falling

CHAPTER VII.

FROM BIBLIOPOLIST TO BIBLIOPHILE.

> Still am I besy bokes assemblynge;
> For to have plenty, it is a pleasaunt thynge.
> *Brandt.*

Thus far, all through life, had my intellectual being craved ever more substantial nutriment. While in business I was Mammon's devotee; yet money did not satisfy me. Religion tended rather to excite longings than to allay them. Religionists would say I did not have enough of it, if indeed I had any at all—in other words I was not doctrinally dead drunk. Yet I fasted and prayed, prayed as if to enlist all the forces of heaven to make a man of me, and fancied I had faith, fancied I saw miracles wrought in my behalf and mountains removed; though later, when my eyes were opened and my prejudices melted by the light of reason, even as the sun dispels the fog, I saw the mountains standing just where they were. Yet for a time I revelled in the delights of fanaticism. The feeling that in God's presence and before the very eyes of interested omnipotence I was conscientiously accomplishing my duties, this gave a consolation that the drudgery of Sunday-school efforts, or even the overwhelming shame of breaking down in prayer-meeting, could not wholly eradicate. Nevertheless, saintship sat not gracefully upon me. I knew myself to be not what I professed to be, better or different from other sinners, any more than were those who sat in the pews around me; so I struggled, beating the air and longing for a more realistic existence.

of one life and the entering upon another, so different and distinct are the two worlds, the world of business and the world of letters.

In an old diary begun the 5th of May, 1859, I find written: "To-day I am twenty-seven years of age. In my younger days I used to think it praiseworthy to keep a diary. I do a great deal of thinking at times; some of it may amount to something, much of it does not. I often feel that if I could indulge, to the fullest and freest extent, in the simple act of discharging my thoughts on paper, it would afford my mind some relief."

To begin at the beginning. In 1859 William H. Knight, then in my service as editor and compiler of statistical works relative to the Pacific coast, was engaged in preparing the *Hand-Book Almanac* for the year 1860. From time to time he asked of me certain books required for the work. It occurred to me that we should probably have frequent occasion to refer to books on California, Oregon, Washington, and Utah, and that it might be more convenient to have them all together. I always had a taste, more pleasant than profitable, for publishing books, for conceiving a work and having it wrought out under my direction. To this taste may be attributed the origin of half the books published in California during the first twenty years of its existence as a state, if we except law reports, legislative proceedings, directories, and compilations of that character. Yet I have seldom published anything but law-books that did not result in a loss of money. Books for general reading, miscellaneous books in trade vernacular, even if intrinsically good, found few purchasers in California. The field was not large enough; there were not enough book buyers in it to absorb an edition of any work, except a law-book, or a book intended as a working tool for a class. Lawyers like solid leverage, and in the absence of books they are powerless; they cannot afford to be

without them; they buy them as mill-men buy stones to grind out toll withal. Physicians do not require so many books, but some have fine libraries. Two or three medical books treating of climate and diseases peculiar to California have been published in this country with tolerable success; but the medical man is by no means so dependent on books as the man of law—that is to say, after he has once finished his studies and is established in practice. His is a profession dependent more on intuition and natural insight into character and causations, and above all, on a thorough understanding of the case, and the closest watchfulness in conducting it through intricate and ever-changing complications. Poetry has often been essayed in California, for the most part doggerel; yet should Byron come here and publish for the first time his *Childe Harold*, it would not find buyers enough to pay the printer. Even Tuthill's *History of California*, vigorously offered by subscription, did not return the cost of plates, paper, presswork, and binding. He who dances must pay the fiddler. Either the author or the publisher must make up his mind to remunerate the printer; the people will not till there are more of them, and with different tastes.

By having all the material on California together, so that I could see what had been done, I was enabled to form a clearer idea of what might be done in the way of book-publishing on this coast. Accordingly I requested Mr Knight to clear the shelves around his desk, and to them I transferred every book I could find in my stock having reference to this country. I succeeded in getting together some fifty or seventy-five volumes. This was the origin of my library, sometimes called the Pacific Library, but latterly the Bancroft Library. I looked at the volumes thus brought together, and remarked to Mr Knight, "That is doing very well; I did not imagine there were so many."

I thought no more of the matter till some time after-

uable; old, rare, and valuable books would increase rather than diminish in value, and as I came upon them from time to time I thought it best to secure all there were relating to this coast. After all the cost in money was not much; it was the time that counted; and the time, might it not be as profitable so spent as in sipping sugared water on the Paris boulevard, or other of the insipid sweets of fashionable society? It was understood from the first that nothing in my collection was for sale; sometime, I thought, the whole might be sold to a library or public institution; but I would wait, at least, until the collection was complete.

The library of Richard Heber, the great English bibliomaniac, who died in 1833, consisting of about 140,000 volumes, cost him, when rare books were not half so expensive as now, over $900,000, or say seven dollars a volume, equivalent at least to fifteen dollars a volume at the present time. Two hundred and sixteen days were occupied in the sale, by auction, of this famous collection after the owner's death. And there are many instances where collections of books have brought fair prices. The directors of the British Museum gave Lord Elgin £35,000 for fragments of the Athenian Parthenon, collected by him in 1802, worth to Great Britain not a tenth part of what the Bancroft collection is worth to California. And yet I well knew if my library were then sold it would not bring its cost, however it might increase in value as the years went by.

I had now, perhaps, a thousand volumes, and began to be pretty well satisfied with my efforts. When, however, in 1862 I visited London and Paris, and rummaged the enormous stocks of second-hand books in the hundreds of stores of that class, my eyes began to open. I had much more yet to do. And so it was, when the collection had reached one thousand volumes I fancied I had them all; when it had grown to five thousand, I saw it was but begun. As my time was

dictates. Nearly every work in existence, or which was referred to by the various authorities, I found on my shelves. And this was the result of my method of collecting, which was to buy everything I could obtain, with the view of winnowing the information at my leisure.

Months of precious time I might easily have wasted to save a few dollars; and even then there would have been no saving. I would not sell to-day out of the collection the most worthless volume for twice its cost in money. Every production of every brain is worth something, if only to illustrate its own worthlessness. Every thought is worth to me in money the cost of transfixing it. Surely I might give the cost for what the greatest fool in christendom should take the trouble to print on a subject under consideration. As La Fontaine says: "Il n'est rien d'inutile aux personnes de sens." Indeed no little honor should attach to such distinguished stupidity.

A book is the cheapest thing in the world. A common laborer, with the product of a half day's work, may become possessor of the choicest fruits of Shakespeare's matchless genius. Long years of preparation are followed by long years of patient study and a painful bringing-forth, and the results, summed, are sold in the shops for a few shillings. And in that multiplication of copies by the types, which secures this cheapness, there is no diminution of individual value. Intrinsically and practically the writings of Plato, which I can buy for five dollars, are worth as much to me, will improve my mind as much, as if mine was the only copy in existence. Ay, they are worth infinitely more; for if Plato had but one reader on this planet, it were as well for that reader he had none.

Gradually and almost imperceptibly had the area of my efforts enlarged. From Oregon it was but a step to British Columbia and Alaska; and as I was obliged for California to go to Mexico and Spain, it finally became settled to my mind to make the west-

ness. As to a knowledge of books and booksellers' shops in those places, there are but few pretensions.

Opening on the main plaza of Búrgos, which was filled with some of the most miserable specimens of muffled humanity I ever encountered—cutthroat, villainous-looking men and women in robes of sewed rags—were two small shops, in which not only books and newspapers were sold, but traps and trinkets of various kinds. There I found a few pamphlets which spoke of Mexico. Passing through a Californian-looking country we entered Madrid, the town of tobacco and bull-fights. If book-selling houses are significant of the intelligence of the people—and we in California, who boast the finest establishments of the kind in the world according to our population, claim that they are—then culture in Spain is at a low ebb.

The first three days in Madrid I spent in collecting and studying catalogues. Of these I found but few, and they were all similar, containing about the same class of works. Then I searched the stalls and stores, and gathered more than at one time I thought I should be able to, sufficient to fill two large boxes; but to accomplish this I was obliged to work diligently for two weeks.

To Saragossa, Barcelona, Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, Bologna, Florence, and Rome; then to Naples, back to Venice, and through Switzerland to Paris. After resting a while I went to Holland, then up the Rhine and through Germany to Vienna; then through Germany and Switzerland again, Paris and London, and finally back to New York and Buffalo. Everywhere I found something, and seized upon it, however insignificant, for I had long since ceased to resist the malady. Often have I taken a cab or a carriage to drive me from stall to stall all day, without obtaining more than perhaps three or four books or pamphlets, for which I paid a shilling or a franc each. Then again I would light upon a valuable manuscript which

relieved my pocket to the extent of three, five, or eight hundred dollars.

Now, I thought, my task is done. I have rifled America of its treasures; Europe have I ransacked; and after my success in Spain, Asia and Africa may as well be passed by. I have ten thousand volumes and over, fifty times more than ever I dreamed were in existence when the collecting began. My library is a *fait accompli. Finis coronat opus.* Here will I rest.

But softly! What is this inch-thick pamphlet that comes to me by mail from my agent in London? By the shade of Tom Dibdin it is a catalogue! Stripping off the cover I read the title-page: *Catalogue de la Riche Bibliothèque de D. José María Andrade. Livres manuscrits et imprimés. Littérature Française et Espagnole. Histoire de L'Afrique, de L'Asie, et de L'Amérique. 7000 pièces et volumes ayant rapport au Mexique ou imprimés dans ce pays. Dont la vente se fera Lundi 18 Janvier 1869 et jours suivants, à Leipzig, dans la salle de ventes de MM. List & Francke, 15 rue de L'Université, par le ministère de M. Hermann Francke, commissaire priseur.*

Seven thousand books direct from Mexico, and probably half of them works which should be added to my collection! What was to be done? Here were treasures beside which the gold, silver, and rich merchandise found by Ali Baba in the robbers' cave were dross. A new light broke in upon me. I had never considered that Mexico had been printing books for three and a quarter centuries—one hundred years longer than Massachusetts—and that the earlier works were seldom seen floating about book-stalls and auction-rooms. One would think, perhaps, that in Mexico there might be a rich harvest; that where the people were ignorant and indifferent to learning, books would be lightly esteemed, and a large collection easily made. And such at times and to some extent

has been the fact, but it is not so now. It is characteristic of the Mexican, to say nothing of the Yankee, that an article which may be deemed worthless until one tries to buy it, suddenly assumes great value. The common people, seeing the priests and collectors place so high an estimate on these embodiments of knowledge, invest them with a sort of supernatural importance, place them among their lares and penates, and refuse to part with them at any price. Besides, Mexico as well as other countries has been overrun by book collectors. In making this collection Señor Andrade had occupied forty years; and being upon the spot, with every facility, ample means at his command, a thorough knowledge of the literature of the country, and familiarity with the places in which books and manuscripts were most likely to be found, he surely should have been able to accomplish what no other man could.

And then again, rare books are every year becoming rarer. In England particularly this is the case. Important sales are not so frequent now as fifty years ago, when a gentleman's library, which at his death was sold at auction for the benefit of heirs, almost always offered opportunities for securing some rare books. Then, at the death of one, another would add to his collection, and at his death another, and so on. During the past half century many new public libraries have been formed both in Europe and America, until the number has become very large. These, as a rule, are deficient in rare books; but having with age and experience accumulated funds and the knowledge of using them, or having secured all desirable current literature, the managers of public libraries are more and more desirous of enriching their collections with the treasures of the past; and as institutions seldom or never die, when once a book finds lodgment on their shelves the auctioneer rarely sees it again. Scores of libraries in America have their agents, with lists of needed books in their hands,

logues, as did also John Russell Smith of London; F. A. Brockhaus of Leipsic; Murguía of Mexico, and Madrileña of Mexico; Muller of Amsterdam; Weigel of Leipsic; Robert Clarke & Co. of Cincinnati; Scheible of Stuttgart; Bouton of New York; Henry Miller of New York, and Olivier of Bruxelles. Henry Stevens of London sold in Boston, through Leonard, by auction in April, 1870, a collection of five thousand volumes of American history, which he catalogued under the title of *Bibliotheca Historica*, at which time he claimed to have fifteen thousand similar volumes stored at 4 Trafalgar square.

In April, 1876, was sold by auction in New York the collection of Mr E. G. Squier, relating in a great measure to Central America, where the collector, when quite young, was for a time United States minister. Being a man of letters, the author of several books, and many essays and articles on ethnology, history, and politics, and a member of home and foreign learned societies, Mr Squier was enabled by his position to gratify his tastes to their full extent, and he availed himself of the opportunities. His library was rich in manuscripts, in printed and manuscript maps, and in Central American newspapers, and political and historical pamphlets. There were some fine original drawings by Catherwood of ruins and monolith idols, and some desirable engravings and photographs. Books from the library of Alexander Von Humboldt were a feature, and there was a section on Scandinavian literature. In regard to his manuscripts, which he intended to translate and print, the publication of *Palacio, Cartas*, being the beginning, Mr Squier said: "A large part of these were obtained from the various Spanish archives and depositories by my friend Buckingham Smith, late secretary of the legation of the United States in Spain. Others were procured during my residence in Central America either in person or through the intervention of friends." I gladly availed

myself of the opportunity to purchase at this sale whatever the collection contained and my library lacked. Of Mr Squier's library Mr Sabin testified: "In the department relative to Central America the collection is not surpassed by any other within our knowledge; many of these books being published in Central America, and having rarely left the land of their birth, are of great value, and are almost unknown outside the localities from which they were issued."

The next most important opportunity was the sale, by auction, of the library of Caleb Cushing in Boston, in October, 1879. This sale was attended for me by Mr Lauriat, and the result was in every way satisfactory.

Quite a remarkable sale was that of the library of Ramirez, by auction, in London in July 1880, not so much in regard to numbers, for there were but 1290, as in variety and prices. The title of the catalogue reads as follows: *Bibliotheca Mexicana. A catalogue of the Library of rare books and important manuscripts, relating to Mexico and other parts of Spanish America, formed by the late Señor Don José Fernando Ramirez, president of the late Emperor Maximilian's first ministry, comprising fine specimens of the presses of the early Mexican typographers Juan Cromberger, Juan Pablos, Antonio Espinosa, Pedro Ocharte, Pedro Balli, Antonio Ricardo, Melchior Ocharte; a large number of works, both printed and manuscript, on the Mexican Indian languages and dialects; the civil and ecclesiastical history of Mexico and its provinces; collections of laws and ordinances relating to the Indies. Valuable unpublished manuscripts relating to the Jesuit missions in Texas, California, China, Peru, Chili, Brasil, etc.; collections of documents; sermons preached in Mexico; etc., etc.* Ramirez was a native of the city of Durango, where he had been educated and admitted to the bar, rising to eminence as state and federal judge. He was at one time head of the national museum of Mexico; also minister of foreign affairs, and again president of Maximilian's first ministry. Upon the

retirement of the French expedition from Mexico Señor Ramirez went to Europe and took up his residence at Bonn, where he died in 1871. The books comprising the sale formed the second collection made by this learned bibliographer, the first having been sold to become the foundation of a state library in the city of Durango. The rarest works of the first collection were reserved, however, to form the nucleus of the second, which was formed after he removed to the capital; his high public position, his reputation as scholar and bibliographer, and his widely extended influence affording him the best facilities. Many of his literary treasures were obtained from the convents after the suppression of the monastic orders. From the collection, as it stood at the death of Ramirez, his heirs permitted A. Chavero to select all works relating to Mexico. "We believe we do not exaggerate," the sellers affirmed, "when we say that no similar collection of books can again be brought into the English market." Writing me in 1869 regarding the Paris and London sales of that year, Mr Whitaker says: "If I may argue from analogy, I do not think that many more Mexican books will come to Europe for sale. I remember some twenty-five years ago a similar series of sales of Spanish books which came over here in consequence of the revolution, but for many years there have been none to speak of." Thus we find the same idea expressed by an expert eleven years before the Ramirez sale. In one sense both opinions proved true; the collections were different in character, and neither of them could be even approximately duplicated. With regard to prices at the respective sales of 1869 Mr Whitaker remarks: "Some of the books sold rather low considering their rarity and value, but on the whole prices ruled exceedingly high." Had Mr Whitaker attended the Ramirez sale he would have been simply astounded. If ever the prices of Mexican books sold prior to this memorable year of 1880 could in comparison be

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LIBRARY.

Could a man be secure
That his days would endure
As of old, for a thousand long years,
What things might he know!
What deeds might he do!
And all without hurry or care.
Old Song.

If as Plato says knowledge is goodness, and goodness God, then libraries occupy holy ground, and books breathe the atmosphere of heaven. Although this philosophy may be too transcendental for the present day, and although the agency of evil sometimes appears in the accumulation of knowledge as well as the agency of good, thus making scholars not always heirs of God, we have yet to learn of a collection of books having been made for purposes of evil, or the results of such efforts ever having been otherwise than beneficial to the race. Particularly is such the case where the main incentive has been the accumulation of facts for the mere love of such accumulation, and not from devotion to dogma, or for the purpose of pleading a cause—for something of the instinct of accumulation inherent in humanity may be found in the garnering of knowledge, no less than in the gathering of gold or the acquisition of broad acres.

My library, when first it came to be called a library, occupied one corner of the second story of the bookstore building on Merchant street, which connected with the front room on Montgomery street, as

to sell my residence property in that locality, so that it was now necessary to select another spot. In making such selection I could not take as fully into the account as I would have liked the influence of a library upon its locality. For example, who shall say what might or might not be the effects upon the graduating members of a great institution of learning, or upon the assembled law-makers for the nation, or upon that class of wealthy and intelligent inhabitants of the commercial metropolis who delight in scientific or historic association for the good of their country? We cannot set up in our midst a theatre, hotel, race-course, church, or drinking-saloon without the whole community being affected thereby. A library is not merely a depository of learning, but a society for the promotion of knowledge in whatsoever direction its contents tends. If it be a library of law, medicine, or theology, the corresponding profession is affected by it in a degree greater than we realize; if it be a library of history, then sooner or later its influence is felt in the direction of historical investigation and elucidation. The very fact of its existence presupposes somewhere a demand for its existence, and this not without cause or reason—the cause or reason being its use for the purposes for which it was created; that is to say, for the protection and promulgation of historical data. The effect of an abundance of rich historical data on a local historical society is much greater than the effect of the society on the collecting of data. With the data at hand, members will set themselves at work; while if it be absent they will not seek it.

After some search a place was found uniting several advantages, and which on the whole proved satisfactory. It was on Valencia street, the natural continuation of Market street, on the line of the city's growth, and reached by the cars from the ferry which passed the store. There, on the west side, near its junction with Mission street, I purchased a lot one hundred and

twenty by one hundred and twenty-six feet in size, and proceeded forthwith to erect a substantial two story and basement brick building, forty by sixty feet. In order that the building might be always detached it was placed in the centre of the lot, and to make it more secure from fire all the openings were covered with iron. A high fence was erected on two sides for protection against the wind, and the grounds were filled with trees, grass, and flowers, making the place a little Eden. On the glass over the entrance was placed the number, 1538, and on the door a plate lettered in plain script, THE BANCROFT LIBRARY.

The building proved most satisfactory. No attempt was made at elaboration, either without or within; plain neat good taste, with comfort and convenience, was alone aimed at. Every part of it was ordered with an eye single to the purpose; the rooms are spacious, there are plenty of large windows, and the building is well ventilated. From the front door the main room, lower floor, is entered, which, though almost without a break in its original construction, became at once so crowded as to render its proper representation in a drawing impossible. Ample space, as was supposed, had been allowed in planning the building, but such a collection of books is susceptible of being expanded or contracted to a wonderful extent. On the wall shelves of this apartment are placed for the most part sets and various collections aggregating 16,000 volumes. These sets are conveniently lettered and numbered, in a manner that renders each work readily accessible, as will be described in detail elsewhere. They consist of large collections of voyages and travels; of documents, periodicals, legislative and other public papers of the federal government and the several states and territories of the Pacific slope; of laws, briefs, and legal reports; series of scrap-books, almanacs, directories, bound collections of pamphlets, cumbersome folios, Mexican sermons, *papeles varios*, and other miscellaneous matter. Three

lofty double tiers of shelving, extending across the room from north to south, are loaded with 500 bulky files of Pacific States newspapers, amounting, if a year of weeklies and three months of dailies be accounted a volume, to over 5000 volumes. It is a somewhat unwieldy mass, but indispensable to the local historian. Also was built and placed here a huge case, with drawers for maps, geographically arranged; also cases containing the card index, and paper bags of notes, all of which are explained elsewhere.

To the room above, the main library and working-room, the entrance is by a staircase rising from the middle of the first floor. Here, seated at tables, are a dozen literary workmen, each busy with his special task. The walls are filled with shelving nine tiers high, containing four classes of books. Most of the space is occupied by works of the first class, the working library proper of printed books, alphabetically arranged, each volume bearing a number, and the numbers running consecutively from one to 12,000 under alphabetical arrangement, and afterward without arrangement, as additions are made indefinitely. The second class consists of rare books, of about 400 volumes, set apart by reason of their great value, not merely pecuniary, though the volumes will bring from $35 to $800 each in the book markets of the world, but literary value, representing standard authorities, bibliographic curiosities, specimens of early printing, and rare linguistics. The third class is composed entirely of manuscripts, in 1200 volumes of three subdivisions, relating respectively to Mexico and Central America, to California, and to the Northwest Coast—the Oregon and interior territory, British Columbia, and Alaska. The fourth class is made up of 450 works of reference and bibliographies. When the collection was placed in the library building it numbered 35,000 volumes, since which time additions have steadily been made, until the number now approaches 50,000. At the east end of the upper room is situated

A collection of books, like everything else, has its history and individuality. Particularly is this the case in regard to collections limited to a special subject, time, or territory. Such collections are the result of birth and growth; they are not found in the market for sale, ready made; there must have been sometime the engendering idea, followed by a long natural development.

From the ordinary point of view there is nothing remarkable in gathering 50,000 volumes and providing a building for their reception. There are many libraries larger than this, some of them having been founded and carried forward by an individual, without government or other aid, who likewise erected a building for his books. Nevertheless, there are some remarkable features about this collection, some important points in connection therewith, which cannot be found elsewhere.

First, as an historical library it stands apart from any other, being the largest collection in the world of books, maps, and manuscripts relating to a special territory, time, or subject. There are larger masses of historical data lodged in certain archives or libraries, but they are more general, or perhaps universal, relating to all lands and peoples, and not to so limited an area of the earth. And when the further facts are considered, how recently this country was settled, and how thinly peopled it now is as compared with what it will be some day, the difference is still more apparent.

Secondly, it gives to each section of the area covered more full, complete, and accurate data concerning its early history than any state or nation in the civilized world, outside of this territory, has or ever can have. This is a stupendous fact, which will find its way into the minds of men in due time. I repeat it: so long as this collection is kept intact, and neither burned nor scattered, California, Oregon, and the rest of these Pacific commonwealths may find

here fuller material regarding their early history than Massachusetts, New York, or any other American state, than England, Germany, Italy, or any other European nation. The reason is obvious: they lost their opportunity; not one of them can raise the dead or gather from oblivion.

Third, it has been put to a more systematic and practical use than any other historical library in the world. I have never heard of any considerable collection being indexed according to the subject-matter contained in each volume, as has been the case here; or of such a mass of crude historic matter being ever before worked over, winnowed, and the parts worth preserving written out and printed for general use, as has been done in this instance.

Says an eminent writer: "Respecting Mr Bancroft's Pacific Library as a storehouse of historic data, pertaining to this broad and new western land, but one opinion has been expressed during the twenty years that the existence of such an institution has been known to the world. In all that has been said or written, at home or abroad, by friend or foe, by admirers, indifferent observers, conservative critics, or hypercritical fault-finders, there has been entire unanimity of praise of the library as a collection of historic data. Disinterested and impartial visitors, after a personal inspection, have invariably shown a degree of admiration far exceeding that of the warmest friends who knew the library only from description. The praise of those who might be supposed to be influenced to some extent by local pride has never equalled that of prominent scholars from the east and Europe.

"There is no American collection with which this can fairly be compared. There are other large and costly private libraries; but the scope, plan, and purpose of the Bancroft Library place it beyond the possibility of comparison. It is made up exclusively of printed and manuscript matter pertaining to the

Pacific States, from Alaska to Panamá. To say that it is superior to any other in its own field goes for little, because there are no others of any great magnitude; but when we can state truthfully that nowhere in the world is there a similar collection equal to it, the assertion means something. And not only does this collection thus excel all others as a whole, but a like excellence is apparent for each of its parts. In it may be found, for instance, a better library of Mexican works, of Central American works, of Pacific United States works, than elsewhere exists. And to go further, it may be said to contain a more perfect collection on Alaska, on New Mexico, on Texas, on Colorado, on Utah, on Costa Rica, and the other individual states or governments than can be found outside its walls. Not only this, but in several cases, notably that of California, this library is regarded as incomparably superior to any state collection existing, or that could at this date be formed in all the United States or Europe.

"There is no other state or country whose historic data have been so thoroughly collected at so early a period of its existence, especially none whose existence has been so varied and eventful, and its record so complicated and perishable. Mr Bancroft has attempted, and successfully as is believed, to do for his country a work which in the ordinary course of events would have been left for a succession of historical societies and specialists to do in a later generation, after the largest part of the material had been lost, and the accomplishment of the purpose would be absolutely impossible. Then, too, from such work the resulting stores of data, besides their comparative paucity, would be scattered, and not accessible as a whole to any single investigator. The advantage of having such historic treasures in one place rather than in many is almost as obvious as that of preventing the loss of valuable material."

In this connection it is worthy of our serious con-

CHAPTER IX.

DESPERATE ATTEMPTS AT GREAT THINGS.

Some have been seene to bite their pen, scratch their head, bend their browes, bite their lips, beat the boord, teare their paper, when they were faire for somewhat, and caught nothing therein.

Camden.

Heaps and heaps of diamonds and—sawdust! Good gold and genuine silver, pearls and oyster-shells, copper and iron mixed with refuse and débris—such was the nature and condition of my collection in 1869, before any considerable labor had been bestowed upon it. Surrounded by these accumulations, I sat in an embarrassment of wealth. Chaff and wheat; wheat, straw, and dirt; where was the brain or the score of brains to do this winnowing?

What winnowing? I never promised myself or any one to do more than to gather; never promised even that, and probably, had I known in the beginning what was before me, I never should have undertaken it. Was it not enough to mine for the precious metal without having to attempt the more delicate and difficult task of melting down the mass and refining it, when I knew nothing of such chemistry? But I could at least arrange my accumulations in some kind of order, and even dignify them by the name of library.

During my last visit abroad Mr Knight had been clipping in a desultory manner from Pacific coast journals, and classifying the results under numerous headings in scrap-books and boxes; and I had also at that time an arrangement with the literary editor of

himself, for what his coadjutor had written was of little practical benefit.

The flight of Bosquetti was in this wise: First I sent him to Sacramento to make a list of such books on California as were in the state library. This he accomplished to my satisfaction. On his return, having heard of some valuable material at Santa Clara college, I sent him down to copy it. A month passed, during which time he wrote me regularly, reporting his doings, what the material consisted of, what the priests said to him, and how he was progressing in his labors. He drew his pay religiously, the money both for salary and expenses being promptly sent him. It did not occur to me that there was anything wrong. He had been with me now for several months and I had never had cause to distrust him, until one day the proprietor of the hotel at which he lodged wrote me, saying that he understood the gentleman to be in my service, and he thought it but right to inform me that since he came to his house he had been most of the time in a state of beastly intoxication and had not done a particle of work. When his bottle became low he would sober up enough to make a visit to the college, write me a letter, receive his pay, and buy more liquor.

In some way Bosquetti learned that I had been informed of his conduct, and not choosing to wait for my benediction, he wrote me a penitent letter and turned his face southward, seemingly desirous above all to widen the distance between us. I was satisfied to be rid of him at the cost of a few hundred dollars.

Oak was thus left in sole charge of the literary accumulations, of which he was duly installed librarian. When the card copying was nearly completed the books were alphabetically arranged, tied up in packages, and placed in one hundred and twenty-one large cases, in which shape, in May, 1870, they were transferred to the fifth floor of the new and yet unfinished building on Market street. After superin-

CHAPTER X.

A LITERARY WORKSHOP.

> We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea.
>
> *Coleridge.*

It was the 20th of August, 1871, that I returned from my eastern trip, being summoned to the support of a greatly imperiled business. My friends had become fearful for the safety of the firm, and had telegraphed me to return. Wicked reports of things undreamed of by ourselves had been so long and so persistently circulated by certain of our competitors, who feared and hated us, that the confidence of even those slow to believe ill of us began to be shaken. No Achilles was near to smite to earth those sons of Thersites.

The fact of my changing the name of the firm, the reason for which I had some delicacy about loudly proclaiming, was perverted by our enemies into a fear as to the ultimate success of the business, and a determination on my part in case of failure not to be brought down with it. And this, notwithstanding they knew, or might have known, that I never shirked any part of the responsibility connected with the change of name, and that every dollar I had was pledged for the support of the business. To their great disappointment we did not succumb; we did not ask for an extension, or any favors from any one. Nevertheless my friends desired me to return, and I came.

But I was in a bad humor for business. I never thought it possible so to hate it, and all the belittlings

plication; likewise her physical endurance was remarkable.

Long before this I had discovered the plan of the index then in progress to be impracticable. It was too exact; it was on too minute a scale. Besides absorbing an enormous amount of time and money in its making, when completed it would be so voluminous and extended as to be cumbersome, and too unwieldy for the purpose designed.

Others realized this more fully than myself, and from them came many suggestion in perfecting the present and more practical system. This is a modification and simplification of the former, a reduction to practice of what before was only theory. Three months were occupied in planning and testing this new system. When we became satisfied with the results, we began indexing and teaching the art to the men. As the work progressed and the plan inspired confidence, more indexers were employed. Hundreds were instructed, and the efficient ones retained. Mr William Nemos came in, and as he quickly mastered the system and displayed marked ability in various directions, the indexing and the indexers were placed under his supervision.

The system as perfected and ever since in successful and daily operation, I will now describe:

Forty or fifty leading subjects were selected, such as Agriculture, Antiquities, Botany, Biography, Commerce, Drama, Education, Fisheries, Geology, History, Indians, Mining, etc., which would embrace all real knowledge, and cover the contents of the whole collection, except such parts as were irrelevant. For example, a writer's ideas of religion were considered of no value, as was anything he saw or did outside of our Pacific States territory; or his personal affairs, unless of so striking a character as to command general interest. These forty or fifty subjects formed the basis of the index, embracing the whole range of practical knowledge, history, biography, and science, while ex-

them directed immediately to all the sources of information, which else would take him ten years at least to ferret. If information is desired of Tehuantepec, take the Tehuantepec cards; or if of the Zapotec tribe only, the Zapotec cards. So it is with any subject relating to mining, history, society, or any other category within the range of knowledge.

Thus book by book of the authorities collected was passed through the hands of skilled assistants, and with checks and counter-checks an immense and all-comprehending system of indexing was applied to each volume. Physical, moral, geographical, historical, from the fibre of an Eskimo's hair to the *coup de maître* of Cortés, nothing was too insignificant or too great to find its place there. With the index cards before him, the student or writer may turn at once to the volume and page desired; indeed, so simple and yet so effectual are the workings of the system that a man may seat himself at a bare table and say to a boy, Bring me all that is known about the conquest of Darien, the mines of Nevada, the missions of Lower California, the agriculture of Oregon, the lumber interests of Washington, the state of Sonora, the town of Querétaro, or any other information extant, or any description, regarding any described portion of the western half of North America, and straightway, as at the call of a magician, such knowledge is spread before him, with the volumes opened at the page. Aladdin's lamp could produce no such results. That commanded material wealth, but here is a sorcery that conjures up the wealth of mind and places it at the disposition of the seer.

Hundreds of years of profitless uninteresting labor may be saved by this simple device; and a prominent feature of it is that the index is equally valuable in connection with any other library where copies of my material may exist. The cost of this index was about thirty-five thousand dollars, but its value is not to be measured by money.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME OF MY ASSISTANTS.

Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd,
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Pope.

Those to whom I apply the term assistants by no means include all the army of workers who have at various times and in various ways lent me their services in my historical efforts. During the long term of my labors, it is safe to say that no less than six hundred different persons were at work for me at various times in my library. As the minimum, the number engaged in the library at any one time during a period of thirty years seldom fell below twelve; the highest being fifty, some thirty of whom were on regular details. The highest number was employed, however, only when there was extra work to do, such as special indexing, extracting, copying, or verifications. My assistants proper, as the term is used here, are those who aided me in my more responsible labors, and may be reduced to twenty in all, though more than a hundred made the effort unsuccessfully at one time or another.

All my life, whatever I have had in hand, whether in the field of business or of literature, I have always been fortunate enough to have good men about me, not only efficient aids, but those whom I could call my friends, and the enjoyment of whose regard was ever a source of gratification. Obviously this is a necessity whenever a person undertakes to accomplish

more in any direction than a single head and pair of hands can do in a lifetime. Though all have not ability and integrity, I have always found some in whose faithfulness I could trust as in my own; and while the responsibility must always rest upon me alone, some portion of that praise which has been so lavishly bestowed upon me and my enterprise rightly belongs to them.

Not only must the man who would assist in historical work aiming at the truth be honest, but honesty must be so inbred, so permeating the blood and bones of him, that deceit shall find no entrance. Not only must he be conscientious, but conscience must have full possession, and all his thoughts and actions be as under the all-seeing eye. For the opportunities, and to the careless and unprincipled the inducements, for slighting the work, for taking the easiest rather than the most thorough way of doing a thing, are so great, that if so disposed he may devote the requisite number of hours to his task and accomplish worse than nothing. If heedless and indifferent, and he be so disposed, he may save himself much drudgery, the performance of which never would be known or appreciated. Hence, I say, love of truth for truth's sake must be to every one of these men as the apple of his eye. It is true, every man is known to his fellows, and thoroughly known in the end. No one, however cunning, can deceive and escape detection always. He will be weighed and measured as time passes by at his exact value; but in researches like mine, he could, if he would, subject one to great annoyance, and spoil as much as or more than he accomplished, which, indeed, was not unfrequently done in my library.

First among my collaborators I may mention here Henry Lebbeus Oak. I have already told how he first came to the library, and at an early day became an important adjunct to it. I have often regarded it

CHAPTER XII.

MY FIRST BOOK.

Two strong angels stand by the side of History as heraldic supporters: the angel of research on the left hand, that must read millions of dusty parchments, and of pages blotted with lies; the angel of meditation on the right hand, that must cleanse these lying records with fire, even as of old the draperies of *asbestos* were cleansed, and must quicken them into regenerated life.

De Quincey.

How many of the works of authors may be attributed purely to accident! Had not Shakespeare been a play-actor we should have had no Shakespeare's plays. Had not Bunyan been imprisoned and Milton blind we might look in vain for the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Paradise Lost.* Robert Pearse Gillies says of Sir Walter Scott, "I have always been persuaded that had he not chanced, and in those days it was a rare chance, to get some German lessons from a competent professor, and had he not also chanced to have *Lenora* and *The Wild Huntsman* played before him as exercises, we should never have had *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* or *The Lady of the Lake.*" More than any other one effort, Thackeray's writing for *Punch* taught him wherein his strength lay. The great satirist at the beginning of his literary career was not successful, and it is a question whether he ever would have been but for a certain train of circumstances which crowded application upon his genius. Apelles, unable to delineate to his satisfaction the foam of Alexander's horse, dashed his brush against the canvas in angry despair, when lo! upon the picture, effected thus by accident, appeared what had baffled his cunningest skill. Turning-points in life are not always mere

accident. Often they are the result of teachings or inborn aspirations, and always they are fraught with some moral lesson of special significance.

Although my *Native Races* cannot be called a chance creation, its coming as my first work was purely accident. Following my general plan, which was a series of works on the western half of North America, I must of necessity treat of the aborigines at some time. But now, as ever, I was intent only on history, whose fascinations increased with my ever increasing appreciation of its importance. All our learning we derive from the past. To-day is the pupil of yesterday, this year of last year; drop by drop the activities of each successive hour are distilled from the experiences of the centuries.

And the moment was so opportune. Time enough had elapsed for these western shores to have a history, yet not enough, since civilization lighted here, to lose any considerable portion of it. Then, strange as it may seem, from the depths of despair I would sometimes rise to the firm conviction that with my facilities and determined purpose I could not only do this work, but that I could save to these Pacific States more of their early incidents than had been preserved to other nations; that I could place on record annals exceptionally complete and truthful; that I could write a history which as a piece of thorough work, if unaccompanied by any other excellence, would be given a place among the histories of the world.

Nor was the idea necessarily the offspring of egoism. I do not say that I regarded this country as the greatest whose history had ever been written, or myself as a very able historian. Far, very far from it. There were here no grand evolutions or revolutions of mankind, no mighty battles affecting the world's political balance, no ten centuries of darkness and non-progressional torpidity, no pageantry of kings, or diplomacy of statesmen, or craft of priestly magnates with which to embellish my pages and stir to glowing

One of the most difficult parts of the work was to locate the tribes and compile the maps. Accurately to define the boundaries of primitive nations, much of the time at war and migrating with the seasons, is impossible, from the fact that, although they aim to have limits of their lands well defined, these boundaries are constantly shifting. The best I could do was to take out all information relative to the location of every tribe, bring together what each author had said upon the different peoples, and print it in his own language, under the heading Tribal Boundaries, in small type at the end of every chapter.

Thus there were as many of these sections on tribal boundaries as there were divisions; and from these I had drawn a large ethnographical map of the whole Pacific States, from which were engraved the subdivisions inserted at the beginning of each section. In this way every available scrap of material in existence was used and differences as far as possible were reconciled.

When my first division was wholly written I submitted it in turn to each of my principal assistants, and invited their criticism, assuring them that I should be best pleased with him who could find most fault with it. A number of suggestions were made, some of which I acted on. In general the plan as first conceived was carried out; and to-day I do not see how it could be changed for the better. I then went on and explained to my assistants how I had reached the results, and giving to each a division I requested them in like manner to gather and arrange the material, and place it before me in the best form possible for my use. During the progress of this work I succeeded in utilizing the labors of my assistants to the full extent of my anticipations; indeed, it was necessary I should do so. Otherwise from a quarter to a half century would have been occupied in this one work. Without taking into account the indexing of thousands of volumes merely to point out where

material existed, or the collecting of the material, there was in each of these five volumes the work of fifteen men for eight months, or of one man for ten years. This estimate, I say, carefully made after the work was done, showed that there had been expended on the *Native Races* labor equivalent to the well directed efforts of one man, every day, Sundays excepted, from eight o'clock in the morning till six at night, for a period of fifty years. In this estimate I do not include the time lost in unsuccessful experiments, but only the actual time employed in taking out the material, writing the work, preparing the index for the five volumes, which alone was one year's labor, proof-reading, and comparison with authorities. The last two requirements consumed an immense amount of time, the proof being read eight or nine times, and every reference compared with the original authority after the work was in type. This seemed to me necessary to insure accuracy, on account of the many foreign languages in which the authorities were written, and the multitude of native and strange words which crowded my pages. Both text and notes were re-written, compared, and corrected without limit, until they were supposed to be perfect; and I venture to say that never a work of that character and magnitude went to press finally with fewer errors.

Fifty years! I had not so many to spare upon this work. Possibly I might die before the time had expired or the volumes were completed; and what should I do with the two or three hundred years' additional work planned?

When the oracle informed Mycerinus that he had but six years to live, he thought to outwit the gods by making the night as day. Lighting his lamps at nightfall he feasted until morning, thus striving to double his term. I must multiply my days in some way to do this work. I had attempted the trick of Mycerinus, but it would not succeed with me, for straightway the outraged deities ordained that for

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PERILS OF PUBLISHING.

Murciélagos literarios
Que hacéis á pluma y á pelo,
Si queréis vivir con todos
Miráos en este espejo.
Iriarte.

All the anxiety I had hitherto felt in regard to the *Native Races* was as author thereof; now I had to undergo the trials of publishing.

Business experience had taught me that the immediate recognition, even of a work of merit, depends almost as much on the manner of bringing it forth as upon authorship. So easily swayed are those who pass judgment on the works of authors; so greatly are they ruled by accidental or incidental causes who form for the public their opinion, that pure substantial merit is seldom fully and alone recognized.

I do not mean by this that the better class of critics are either incompetent or unfair, that they cannot distinguish a meritorious work from a worthless one, or that, having determined the value of a production in their own minds, they will not so write it down. Yet comparatively speaking there are few reviewers of this class. Many otherwise good journals, both in America and in Europe, publish miserable book notices.

To illustrate: Would the average newspaper publisher on the Pacific coast regard with the same eyes a book thrust suddenly and unheralded upon his attention as the production of a person whom he had never known except as a shopkeeper, one whom he

one of the first scientific men of the age. He happened to be absent from the city when I issued my first invitations, and on his return I sent Goldschmidt to him with a copy of the *Native Races*, as far as printed, for his examination.

Goldschmidt found the professor in his rear office, stated his errand, and laid the printed pages before him. Davidson looked at them, looked at the list of twelve hundred authorities quoted which stood at the beginning of volume I., turned over the leaves, dropped now and then an ejaculation, but said little. Presently his colored attendant came to the door and addressed him.

"A gentleman wishes to see you." No response. The black man retired; but it was not long before he appeared again with a similar message.

"All right," returned Davidson.

Some ten or fifteen minutes now elapsed, during which the professor was examining the pages and asking Goldschmidt questions. Again the black face appeared at the portal, this time wrinkled by portentous concern.

"There are four or five men in the outer office waiting to speak with you, sir."

"Very well, let them wait!" exclaimed the professor. "Such work as this doesn't fall into my hands every day."

Though I had not then met Professor Davidson, I admired him, and valued his opinion highly. If from disinterested intelligent men my efforts could not secure approval, I felt that I need go no farther.

Among the literary notes of the *Overland Monthly* for March 1874 appeared a brief account of the collecting and indexing, with intimation that the mass was to be sifted and the results given to the world in some shape. This notice of the library was copied by several of the daily newspapers.

Next appeared a long article in the same maga-

CHAPTER XIV.

A LITERARY PILGRIM.

Freuden von ausnehmendem Geschmack wie Ananas haben das Schlimme, dass sie wie Ananas das Zahnfleisch bluten machen.

Jean Paul Richter.

I SET out on my pilgrimage the 3d of August, 1874, taking with me my daughter Kate, to place in school at Farmington, Connecticut. After a few days' stay at Buffalo with my two sisters, Mrs Palmer and Mrs Trevett, I proceeded to New York.

The one hundred author's copies of volume I. had been printed at our establishment in San Francisco, and the plates sent east before my departure. Twenty-five copies of the work accompanied the plates; besides these I carried in my trunk printed sheets of the *Native Races* so far as then in type, namely the whole of volume I., one hundred and fifty pages of volume II., four hundred pages of volume III., and one hundred pages of volume IV.

Beside seeking the countenance and sympathy of scholars in my enterprise, it was part of my errand to find a publisher. As the plates had not arrived when I reached New York I concluded to leave the matter of publishing for the present, direct my course toward Boston, and dive at once *in luminis oras.*

It was Saturday, the 15th of August, and I had promised to spend Sunday with some friends at Bridgeport.

At the New Haven railway station I encountered President Gilman, to whom I made known the nature of my mission, and asked if he deemed it the proper

daughters, and kept the wolf from the door, but how she did it God knoweth.

In Hartford, Tuesday, President Gilman introduced me to Professor Brewer of Yale, Doctor Asa Gray of Harvard, and others. He also spoke of me to several, among them Mr Warner of the *Courant*, who, when I called upon him subsequently, treated me with a scarcely anticipated kindness. I was then in a humor to be won for life by any man who would take the trouble. It may seem weak, this supersensitiveness, but I was in a feverish state of mind, and my nerves were all unstrung by long labor. I was callous enough to ignorance and indifference, for amongst these I had all along been working, but intelligent sympathy touched me, and Mr Warner's manner was so courteous, and his words so encouraging, that they sank at once into my heart, where they have remained ever since. He entered warmly into my plans, gave me strong, decided letters to several persons, which proved of the greatest advantage, and on leaving his office I carried with me the benediction which I know came from an honest pen. "God bless such workers!"

While attending the meetings of the association my attention was called to one Porter C. Bliss, whose name was on the programme for several papers on Mexico. Mr Gilman said I should know him, and introduced me. He was a singular character both without and within. Yankee in inquisitive push and everlasting memory, he had been lately secretary of the American legation in Mexico, and sometime famous in Paraguay. I now remembered that his name had been frequently mentioned to me as one interested in Mexican antiquities and literature.

Universal looseness was the air of him, stiffened somewhat by self-conceit. Though plain, or even homely, in appearance, there was nothing servile in his carriage, and the awkwardness of his address was partially concealed by his assurance. Of a light

volumes, which he was offering in whole or in part to libraries. The books were then in New York, and I might accompany him thither to select at pleasure. The opportunity was too tempting to let slip; and, while it was inconvenient for me to return to New York at that moment, I did not like to lose sight of my new and apparently erratic-minded friend.

"Where do you reside?" I asked.

"Nowhere," was the reply.

"At what are you engaged?"

"Nothing."

"If you will accompany me to Boston on this mission of mine, I will pay your expenses, and leave you in New York with many thanks."

"I will attend you with pleasure."

I do not know that this was a very wise move. Myself, *solus*, cut a sorrowful figure enough, but my companion doubled the dolor without adding much diplomatic ability. True, he could assist me somewhat in advising whom to see and how to find them. But this was not my main object in the arrangement. He might have his books sold and be in Nova Scotia, where indeed he talked of going on somebody's genealogic business, before I had finished my New England errand; and I took him with me so that I might continue my pilgrimage without losing him.

Friday, the 21st of August, saw us at the Bellevue house, the establishment of Dio Lewis, a cross between a water-cure institution and a hotel. Bliss had been there before, and recommended the rooms as better than those of the hotels. I had a letter from Mr Warner to Mr Howells of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and next day I went over to Cambridge, where he lived, to see him. He was absent from home, and not expected back for a week. Inquiries as to the whereabouts of certain persons revealed that most of them were away, so that little was done till the following Tuesday, when we started out in earnest. Proceeding

among these was Doctor Asa Gray. We found him in the botanic garden, and he heard us with attentive interest. I presented him with a copy of my book, which he said with my permission he would place upon the shelves of the Harvard library. I objected. The book was for him, if he would accept it. This fashion of giving public libraries presented books I do not relish. It is a sort of cheat practised upon the author, who, if he wishes a library presented with a copy of his book, prefers giving it direct instead of through another; if he does not, another has no right to so dispose of a book which was given him to keep.

It was my intention to ask eastern scholars to examine my book and give me an expression of their opinion in writing; but in talking the matter over with Dr Gray he advised me to delay such request until the reviewers had pronounced their verdict, or at all events until such expression of opinion came naturally and voluntarily. This I concluded to do; though at the same time I could not understand what good private opinions would do me after public reviewers had spoken. Their praise I should not care to supplement with feebler praise; their disapprobation could not be averted after it had been printed.

And so it turned out. What influence my seeing these men and presenting them copies of my book had on reviewers, if any, I have no means of knowing. Directly, I should say it had none; indirectly, as for example, a word dropped upon the subject, or a knowledge of the fact that the author had seen and had explained the character of his work to the chief scholars of the country, might make the reviewer regard it a little more attentively than he otherwise would. On the receipt of the fifth volume of the *Native Races* Doctor Gray wrote me: "I am filled more and more with admiration of what you have done and are doing; and all I hear around me, and read from the critical judges, adds to the good opinion I had formed."

Doctor Gray gave me letters to Francis Parkman,

Charles Francis Adams, and others. While at Cambridge we called on Mrs Horace Mann, but she being ill, her sister, Miss Peabody, saw us instead. With eloquence of tongue and ease and freedom she dissected the most knotty problems of the day.

James Russell Lowell lived in a pleasant, plain house, common to the intellectual and refined of that locality. Longfellow's residence was the most pretentious I visited, but the plain, home-like dwellings, within which was the atmosphere of genius or culture, were most attractive to me. How cold and soulless are the Stewart's marble palaces of New York beside these New England abodes of intellect with their chaste though unaffected adornments!

Lowell listened without saying a word; listened for three or five minutes, I should think, without a nod or movement signifying that he heard me. I was quite ready to take offence when once the suspicion came that I was regarded as a bore.

"Perhaps I tire you," at length I suggested.

"Pray go on," said he.

When I had finished he entered warmly into the merits of the case, made several suggestions and discussed points of difference. He bound me to him forever by his many acts of sympathy then and afterward, for he never seemed to lose interest in my labors, and wrote me regarding them. What, for example, could have been more inspiring at that time than to receive from him, shortly after my return to San Francisco, such words as these: "I have read your first volume with so much interest that I am hungry for those to come. You have handled a complex, sometimes even tangled and tautological subject, with so much clearness and discrimination as to render it not merely useful to the man of science, but attractive to the general reader. The conscientious labor in collecting, and the skill shown in the convenient arrangement of such a vast body of material, deserve the highest praise."

word; and it was about me, and my work, and California, and whom I should see, that he was talking. Nor was this all. Next morning, in Boston, he handed me a package of letters addressed to persons whom he thought would be interested in the work, and whose names had occurred to him after I had left.

Later he writes me: "Your third volume has come. Thanks for your remembrance of me. I read each chapter with growing interest. What a storehouse you provide for every form and department of history in time to come. I did you no justice when you first opened your plan to me. I fancied it was something like the French *Mémoires pour Servir*. But yours is a history, full and complete; every characteristic amply illustrated; every picture preserved; all the traits marshalled with such skill as leaves nothing further to be desired. Then such ample disquisitions on kindred topics, and so much cross-light thrown on the picture, you give us the races alive again and make our past real. I congratulate you on the emphatic welcome the press has everywhere given you."

How different in mind, manner, heart, and head are the men we meet!

John G. Whittier was a warm personal friend of Phillips, and to him among others the latter sent me. We went to Amesbury, where the poet resided, the day after meeting Phillips in Boston. A frank, warm-hearted Quaker, living in a plain, old-fashioned village house. He gave me letters to Longfellow, Emerson, and Doctor Barnard. "I have been so much interested in his vast and splendid plan of a history of the western slope of our continent," he writes to Mr Longfellow, "that I take pleasure in giving him a note to thee. What material for poems will be gathered up in his volumes! It seems to me one of the noblest literary enterprises of our day."

"This I will deliver," said I, picking up the one addressed to Longfellow, "if I am permitted to retain it; not otherwise. We in California do not see a letter

from Whittier to Longfellow every day." He laughed and replied: "My letters are getting to be common enough now." I did not see Mr Longfellow, but he wrote me very cordially, praising my book and regretting he should have missed my call.

Informed that Professor Henry Adams, editor of the *North American Review*, was staying a few miles from Salem, I sought him there, but unsuccessfully. Next day I met accidentally his father, Charles Francis Adams, to whom I expressed regrets at not having seen his son. He said he would speak to him for me, and remarked that if I could get Francis Parkman to review my book in the *North American* it would be a great thing for it, but that his health and preoccupation would probably prevent. He gave me several letters, and I left full copies of my printed sheets with him.

Now of all things, 'great things' for my book I coveted. So to Parkman I went. I found him at Jamaica Plains, where he resided during summer, deep in his literary work. After all, the worker is the man to take work to, and not the man of leisure. Mr Parkman was a tall spare man, with a smiling face and winning manner. I noticed that all great men in the vicinity of Boston were tall and thin, and wore smiling faces, and indications of innate gentleness of character.

"This shows wonderful research, and I think your arrangement is good, but I should have to review it upon its merits," said Mr Parkman.

"As a matter of course," I replied.

"I do not know that I am competent to do the subject justice," he now remarked.

"I will trust you for that," said I.

And so the matter was left; and in due time several splendid reviews appeared in this important journal as the different volumes were published.

I was told to call on the Rev. James Freeman Clarke. I did so, but he was not at home.

sonably to be expected from a community thirty years old. That kind of toil seemed to belong rather to a society a little maturer, to a region of public libraries and universities. Even the older states had as yet yielded it but sparingly; and was it to be expected from San Francisco? Had Mr Bancroft presented himself wearing a specimen of the *sequoia gigantea* for a button-hole bouquet it would hardly have seemed more surprising."

Now in all this surely there was nothing very difficult. It was as the Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* had said: "Little or nothing has been heard here of his labors, and the surprise and pleasure with which so magnificent an undertaking has been welcomed by eastern scholars must have gratified Mr Bancroft."

It was no great achievement to visit these men and command their attention. In one sense, no. And yet in the state of mind in which I was then laboring, it was one of the most disagreeable tasks of my life, and strong as I usually was physically, it sent me to bed and kept me there a fortnight.

I had been entirely successful; but success here was won not as in San Francisco, by years of tender devotion to an ennobling cause, but by what I could not but feel to be an humiliating course. I sought men whom I did not wish to see, and talked with them of things about which of all others it was most distasteful to me to converse. It was false pride, however, and my extreme sensitiveness that kept alive these feelings. Good men assured me that I was not overstepping the bounds of literary decorum in thus thrusting my work forward upon the notice of the world; that my position was peculiar, and that in justice to my undertaking in San Francisco I could not do otherwise.

I had met with much that was assuring, but I had likewise encountered much that was disheartening. I found here, as elsewhere in the affairs of mankind,

into supremacy the east decays, and that there is now no further west for restless learning to reach. Palestine and Egypt are dead; the greatness of Athens and Rome dates two thousand years back; London is growing old; if New York and Boston do not some time die of old age, they will prove exceptions to the rule; so that if the glory of the world be not some day crowded into San Francisco, it will be by reason of new laws and new developments. In a word, Massachusetts and Connecticut may yet go to school to Michigan and California.

In New York I met George Bancroft—with whom, by the way, I am in no way related—who gave me a letter to Doctor Draper, and was kind enough afterward to write:

"To me you render an inestimable benefit; for you bring within reach the information which is scattered in thousands of volumes. I am glad to see your work welcomed in Europe as well as in your own country. In the universality of your researches you occupy a field of the deepest interest to the world, and without a rival. Press on, my dear sir, in your great enterprise, and bring it to a close in the meridian of life, so that you may enjoy your well earned honors during what I hope may be a long series of later years."

Doctor Draper was a man well worth the seeing; from first to last he proved one of my warmest and most sympathizing friends. After my return to San Francisco he wrote me: "I have received your long expected first volume of the *Native Races of the Pacific States*, and am full of admiration of the resolute manner in which you have addressed yourself to that most laborious task. Many a time I have thought if I were thirty years younger I would dedicate myself to an exploration of the political and psychological ideas of the aborigines of this continent; but you are doing not only this, but a great deal more. Your work has taught me a great many things. It needs no praise

The 30th of September saw me again in New Haven. President Porter and most of the professors had returned. By this time the enthusiasm with which I was wont to tell my story during the earlier stages of my pilgrimage had somewhat waned. Nevertheless I must make a few calls. President Porter I found exceptionally warm-hearted and sincere. He gave me letters of strong commendation to President Eliot of Harvard and to Robert C. Winthrop. At the next commencement he likewise enrolled my name among the alumni of Yale as master of arts.

Thence I proceeded to see professors Marsh, Brewer, and others. While wandering among these classic halls I encountered Clarence King, who, young as he was, had acquired a reputation and a position second to no scientist in America. He was a man of much genius and rare cultivation. In him were united in an eminent degree the knowledge acquired from books, and that which comes from contact with men. His shrewd common-sense was only surpassed by his high literary and scientific attainments, and his broad learning was so seasoned with unaffected kindness of heart and fresh buoyant good humor as to command the profound admiration of all who knew him.

He was my ideal of a scholar. There was an originality and dash about him which fascinated me. He could do so easily what I could not do at all; he was so young, with such an elastic, athletic brain, trained to do his most ambitious bidding, with such a well employed past, a proud present, and a brilliant future, and withal such a modest bearing and genial kind-heartedness, that I could not but envy him. His descriptions of scenery are as fine as Ruskin's and far more original.

He had often been in my library, and meeting me now at Yale he shook my hand warmly as I thanked him for speaking so kindly of me to Mr Higginson at Newport a few days before. After some further conversation I was about to pass on when he spoke again:

"How are you getting along?"

"Very well," said I, "better than I had anticipated."

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"No, I thank you," I replied. Then suddenly recollecting myself I exclaimed, "Yes, you can; review my book in some journal."

"I will do so with pleasure, if I am competent."

"If you are not," said I, "with all your personal observations upon the Pacific slope, I may as well cease looking for such men in these parts."

"Well, I will do my best," he replied.

I then asked him for what journal he would write a review. He suggested the *North American* or the *Atlantic*. I told him Parkman was engaged for one and Bliss for the other. Then he said he would contribute a series of short articles to the *Nation*. When I returned to New York I saw Godkin. Any journalist was glad to print anything Clarence King would write, so that Mr Godkin readily assented to admit in the columns of the *Nation* Mr King's review of my work.

I was greatly disappointed, now that King had agreed to write, that his article could not appear in the *Atlantic*, where were first published his matchless chapters on *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*. That, however, was out of the question, as Bliss was engaged for that article, and probably had it finished by this time.

Meanwhile Mr Howells wrote me: "I have not heard a word from Mr Bliss, and it is quite too late to get anything about your book into the November number." I immediately called on Bliss. He was buried deep in some new subject. The money I had given him for his books had made him comparatively independent, and when he had revelled in reading and tobacco smoke for a time, and had concluded his literary debauch, there would be time enough left to apply himself to the relief of corporeal necessities.

"Bliss, how progresses that article for the *Atlantic?*" I asked him.

"Finely," he replied. "I have it nearly completed."

"Show me some of it, will you? I want to see how it reads."

"I cannot show it you in its present state," he stammered. "Next time you come in you shall see it."

I was satisfied he had not touched it, and I wrote Howells as much, at the same time mentioning my interview with King.

"I wrote you some days ago," Howells replied, under date of October 7, 1874, "that Mr Bliss had not sent me a review of your book, after promising to do so within ten days from the time when he called with you. So if Mr King will review it for me I shall be delighted." At the same time Howells telegraphed me, "Ask Clarence King to write review." Again I sought the retreat of Bliss. I found him still oblivious. The fact is, I think my peripatetic friend trembled somewhat at the responsibility of his position, and he had betaken himself to a vigorous literary whistling to keep his courage up.

When once cornered, he admitted he had not written a word of the proposed review. I then told him of Clarence King's offer and Mr Howells' wishes, and asked him if he would be willing to give his review, which I knew he would never write, to some other journal. He cheerfully expressed his willingness to do so, and congratulated me on having secured so able a writer as Mr King. Therein he acted the gentleman. The 7th of December Mr Howells writes me: "I've just read the proof of Clarence King's review of you for the *Atlantic*—twelve pages of unalloyed praise." Concerning this review Mr King wrote from Colorado the 6th of November: "Believe me, I have found great pleasure and profit in twice carefully reading the *Wild Tribes*. Of its excellence as a piece of critical literary combination I was fully persuaded from the first, but only on actual study do I reach its true value. Although the driest of the

nomically managed. It would have cost me five times as much had I gone over and attended to it myself, and then it would have been no better done. I was specially desirous my work should be brought to the attention of English scholars and reviewers. I explained to Mr Brown what I had done and was doing in America, and suggested he should adopt some such course there. And I must say he entered upon the task with enthusiasm and performed it well.

Englishman-like, Mr Brown thought the London edition should be dedicated to some Englishman prominent in science or letters. I had no objections, though it was a point which never would have occurred to me. But it has always been my custom to yield to every intelligent suggestion, prompted by the enthusiasm of an agent or assistant, provided his way of doing a thing was in my opinion no worse than my way.

Mr Brown suggested the name of Sir John Lubbock, and sent me a printed page: "I dedicate this work to Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M. P., F. R. S., as a tribute of my high esteem." In this I acquiesced, and so the dedication was made. In a neat note Sir John acknowledged the compliment, writing Mr Brown the 10th of February, "I am much gratified at the honor of having so valuable a work dedicated to me."

To Mr Brown I had sent from San Francisco copies of volume I., with letters enclosed, to about a dozen prominent men in England, among them Herbert Spencer, Sir Arthur Helps, E. B. Tylor, R. G. Latham, Sir John Lubbock, Tyndall, Huxley, Max Müller, Lecky, Carlyle, and Murchison. These volumes, being 'author's copies,' bore no imprint, and my publishers objected to their being given out without the London imprint. So these copies were returned to me by Messrs Longmans, and others given the gentlemen I had named.

The acknowledgments made me by these men, received of course after my return to San Francisco, were hearty and free.

Mr Herbert Spencer writes me: "In less than a year I hope to send you the first volume of the *Principles of Sociology*, in which you will see that I have made frequent and important uses of your book;" and indeed nothing could be more flattering than the references therein made to the *Native Races*. "During my summer trip in Europe," says Mr Gilman in a letter from Baltimore, "I have frequently heard your great work spoken of, but nowhere with more commendation than I heard from Herbert Spencer. I am sure you must be more than paid for your labor by the wide-spread satisfaction it has given."

Doctor Latham, the eminent ethnologist and linguist, writes: "The first thing I did after reading it with pleasure and profit—for I can't say how highly I value it—was to indite a review of it for the *Examiner*." I was greatly pleased with Mr W. E. H. Lecky's letters, regarding him, as I did, as one of the purest writers of English living. "I rejoice to see the book advancing so rapidly to its completion," he says, "for I had much feared that, like Buckle's history, it was projected on a scale too gigantic for any single individual to accomplish. It will be a noble monument of American energy, as well as of American genius." And again, "I was talking of your book the other day to Herbert Spencer, and was gratified to hear him speak warmly of the help he had found in it in writing his present work on sociology. I always think that to take a conspicuous position in a young literature is one of the very highest intellectual aims which an ambitious man could aspire to; and whenever the history of American literature comes to be written, your book will take a very high place among the earliest works of great learning America has produced." I was glad also to have so graceful a writer as the author of *European Morals* speak encouragingly of my style, which more than any one thing connected with my work I had lamented. "I must add, too," he concludes his first letter to me,

"that your style is so very vivid and flowing that the book becomes most readable even to those who take no special interest in the subject."

Sir Arthur Helps, writing just before his death, remarks: "I think that the introductory chapter is excellent; and what strikes me most in it is the exceeding fairness with which he treats the researches and the theories of other inquirers into subjects akin to his own."

I well remember with what trepidation I had thought of addressing these great men before I began to publish. I wondered if they would even answer my letters, or take the trouble to tell me to go to the devil. Then I thought upon it, and said to myself, Though smaller than many you are bigger than some, and the lowest polypus of a scribbler who should address you, you would not hesitate to answer kindly. Then I took heart and said again, Is not a pound of gold as good to me brought by a donkey as by a sage? I know these facts of mine are valuable to men of science. They are the base of all their fabrics; they must have them. And in the form I serve them no great amount of discernment is necessary to assure me that this material, when well winnowed, is in a shape more accessible than it was before.

Of the newspapers and magazines containing the best reviews and descriptions of the library, Mr Brown purchased from fifty to five hundred copies, and distributed them among the libraries, journalists, and literary men of the world. Not having a proper list of selected newspapers and of the libraries in Europe and America, I employed the mercantile and statistical agency association of New York to prepare me such a list, writing them in two blank-books. There were eight hundred and twenty European, Asiatic, and colonial libraries written in one book, and the European and American newspapers and United States libraries in the other book.

It was through Mr Edward Jackson, correspondent in San Francisco of the London *Times*, that the *Native Races* was first brought to the notice of that journal. Mr Jackson could not assure me positively that the review would appear. Mr Walter, the editor, would not enlighten Mr Jackson on the subject. I wished to purchase four hundred copies of the issue containing the notice of the *Native Races*, provided there should be such an issue. And in this way I was obliged to give my order to Mr Brown.

From London the 3d of April 1875 Mr Brown writes: "At last the *Times* has spoken, and I have succeeded in securing four hundred copies of the paper by dint of close watching. When I saw the publishers some time ago, with the usual independence of the *Times* they would not take an order for the paper, or even the money for four hundred copies to be struck off for me when a review did appear, and all I could get was this,—that on the day a review appeared, should a review appear at all, if I sent down to the office before 11 A.M. they would strike off what I wanted. So I kept a person watching—as I was sometimes late in going to town—with money for the review, and he luckily saw it in the morning, rushed down to the office, and, he tells me, in less than a quarter of an hour the extra four hundred copies were struck off and made over to him. The copies are now being posted according to the addresses you sent me."

In October 1874 one of the editors of the *Kölnische Zeitung* was in San Francisco and visited the library frequently. He wrote for his paper a description of the library and the *Native Races*, besides giving me a list of the German magazines and reviews to which the book should be sent, and much other valuable information. Dr Karl Andree of the *Globus*, Dresden, expressed great admiration for the work, and inserted several articles concerning it in that most valuable and influential journal.

I cannot enter more fully into the detail of reviewers and reviews; suffice it to say that two large quarto scrap-books were filled to overflowing with such notices of the *Native Races* as were sent me. Never probably was a book so generally and so favorably reviewed by the best journals in Europe and America. Never was an author more suddenly or more thoroughly brought to the attention of learned and literary men everywhere.

Among the reviews of which I was most proud were two columns in the London *Times*, some thirty or forty pages in the *Westminster Review*, two columns in the London *Standard*, lengthy articles in the *North American Review*, the New York *L'Eco d'Italia*, Hartford *Courant*, Boston *Post*, *Advertiser*, and *Journal;* Springfield *Republican*, New York *Tribune*, *Christian Union*, *Nation*, and *Post; British Quarterly*, *Edinburgh Review*, London *Nature*, *Saturday Review*, *Spectator*, *Academy*, Philadelphia *North American*, *Atlantic Monthly; Scribner's Magazine*, *The Galaxy*, *Revue Politique*, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Hongkong *Press; Zeitschrift für Länder*, *Mittheilungen der Kais.*, etc., *Europa und das Ausland*, Germany; and *La Voz del Nuevo Mundo*. I might mention a hundred others, but if I did, all would not be unadulterated praise. A few so-called honors fell upon me after publication, such as being made honorary member of the Massachusetts historical society, the American Antiquarian society, the Philadelphia Numismatic society, and the Buffalo Historical society, for which due thanks were given. Flattering recognitions came also in form of diplomas and complimentary certificates. Probably there was no subject connected with this western coast which would have attracted the attention of so many of the first scholars of America and Europe, which would have brought the author into such prominence throughout the learned world, which would have secured him such unlimited and unqualified praise from every source.

CHAPTER XV.

THE TWO GENERALS.

Ever since there has been so great a demand for type, there has been much less lead to spare for cannon-balls.

Bulwer.

Came to the library the 21st of October 1873 Enrique Cerruti, introduced by Philip A. Roach, editor and senator, in the terms following: "He speaks Italian, French, Spanish, and English. He can translate Latin. He has been a consul-general and secretary of legation. He is well acquainted with Spanish-American affairs and the leading men in those states."

The bearer of the letter stood before me, a man three or four years under forty, slightly built, of medium height, with a long thin face, prominent square forehead, dark protruding eyes, and full mouth drawn down at the corners, long neatly brushed black hair and long thin mustache. His complexion was a dark sallow; and there was a general flatness of features and a drooping Quixotic melancholy pervading his entire physique. In his hand he held a glossy new beaver, matching his glossy black hair, but further than these there was nothing new or bright about him, except his boots, which were well polished. His clothes were cheap rather than shabby, and the crevices of his coarse linen shirt-bosom were well filled with clean white starch. Eyes, mouth, and melancholy mustache, features and form, were now all on the *qui vive* to know what destiny would next do with him. He was a unique copy, as Dibdin remarked of the Dieppe postilion.

Thus were these two young men, destined to exercise so marked an influence upon the impressible society of California, blest beyond parallel by this admission into the great school of free and interchangeable thought.

General Vallejo was a man of fine physique, rather above medium height, portly and straight as an arrow, with a large round head, high forehead, half-closed eyes, thin black hair, and side-whiskers. Every motion betrayed the military man and the gentleman. His face wore usually a contented and often jovial expression, but the frequent short quick sigh told of unsatisfied longings, of vain regrets and lacerated ambitions.

And no wonder. For within the period of his manhood he had seen California emerge from a quiet wilderness and become the haunt of embroiling civilization. He had seen arise from the bleak and shifting sand-dunes of Yerba Buena cove a mighty metropolis, the half of which he might have owned as easily as to write his name, but of which there was not a single foot he could now call his own, and where he wandered well nigh a stranger; he had seen the graceful hills and sweet valleys of his native land pass from the gentle rule of brothers and friends into the hands of foreigners, under whose harsh domination the sound of his native tongue had died away like angels' music.

Look in upon him at Sonoma, at any time from five to ten years after his settling there, and for a native Californian you find a prince, one who occupies, commands, and lives in rustic splendor. His house, a long two-story adobe, with wing and out-houses, was probably the finest in California. Besides his dusky retainers, who were swept away by diseases brought upon them by the white man, he had always on the premises at his command a company of soldiers, and servants without number. There he had his library, and there he wrote a history of California, covering

CHAPTER XVI.

ITALIAN STRATEGY.

A few drops of oil will set the political machine at work, when a ton of vinegar would only corrode the wheels and canker the movements.

Colton.

General Vallejo was wary; General Cerruti was wily. Rumor had filled all the drawers and chests at Lachryma Montis, the residence of General Vallejo at Sonoma, with priceless documents relating to the history of California, some saved from the fire which destroyed his dwelling, some gathered since, and had endowed the owner with singular knowledge in deciphering them and in explaining early affairs. Hence, when some petty scribbler wished to talk largely about things of which he knew nothing, he would visit Sonoma, would bow and scrape himself into the parlor at Lachryma Montis, or besiege the general in his study, and beg for some particular purpose a little information concerning the untold past. The general declared that rumor was a fool, and directed applicants to the many historical and biographical sketches already in print.

I had addressed to Sonoma communications of this character several times myself, and while I always received a polite reply there was no tangible result. As Cerruti displayed more and more ability in gathering material, and as I was satisfied that General Vallejo could disclose more then he professed himself able to, I directed the Italian to open correspondence with him, with instructions to use his own judgment in storming the walls of indifference and prejudice at Lachryma Montis.

his many prominent and unrecorded deeds, out of a work such as this purported to be.

One day while in a somewhat more than usually confidential mood he said to Cerruti: "I cannot but believe Mr Bancroft to be in earnest, and that he means to give the world a true history of California. I was born in this country; I once undertook to write its history, but my poor manuscript and my house were burned together. I was absent from home at the time. By mere chance my servants succeeded in saving several bundles of documents referring to the early days of California, but the number was insignificant compared with those destroyed. However, I will write to San José for a trunk filled with papers that I have there, and of which you may copy for Mr Bancroft what you please."

"But, General," exclaimed Cerruti, overwhelmed by the revelation, "I cannot copy them here. Since you have been so kind as to repose this confidence in me, permit me to take the papers to the library and employ men to copy them; otherwise I might work over them for years."

"Well, be it so," replied the general; "and while you are about it, there are two other chests of documents here which I have never disturbed since the fire. Take them also: copy them as quickly as you can and return them to me. I shall be more than repaid if Mr Bancroft's history proves such as my country deserves."

Now it was a fundamental maxim with Cerruti never to be satisfied. In collecting material, where I and most men would be gratefully content, acquisition only made him the more avaricious. As long as there was anything left, so long did he not cease to importune.

"Why not multiply this munificence fourfold," he said, "by giving Mr Bancroft these documents out and out, and so save him the heavy expense of copying them? That would be a deed worthy General Vallejo.

Surely Mr Bancroft's path is beset with difficulties enough at best. In his library your documents will be safely kept; they will be collated, bound, and labelled with your name, and this good act shall not only be heralded now, but the record of it shall stand forever."

"No, sir!" exclaimed the general, emphatically. "At all events not now. And I charge you to make no further allusion to such a possibility if you value my favor. Think you I regard these papers so lightly as to be wheedled out of them in little more than two short months, and by one almost a stranger? You have asked many times for my recollections; those I am now prepared to give you."

"Good!" cried Cerruti, who was always ready to take what he could get, provided he could not get what he wanted. "All ready, general; you may begin your narrative."

"My friend," returned the general, mildly, "you seem to be in haste. I should take you for a Yankee rather than for an Italian. Do you expect me to write history on horseback? I do not approve of this method. I am willing and ready to relate all I can remember, but I wish it clearly understood that it must be in my own way, and at my own time. I will not be hurried or dictated to. It is my history, and not yours, I propose to tell. Pardon me, my friend, for speaking thus plainly, but I am particular on this point. If I give my story it must be worthy of the cause and worthy of me."

To Cerruti it was easier to write a dozen pages than to think about writing one. In the opinion of Vallejo, such a writer deserved to be burned upon a pile of his own works, like Cassius Etruscus, who boasted he could write four hundred pages in one day.

But this rebuke was not unpalatable, for it lifted the matter at once from the category of personal narrative to the higher plane of exact history. It was history, and nothing beneath it, to be written no less

from documentary than from personal evidence, and from the documents and experiences of others, as well as from his papers and personal observations.

With June came the two generals to San Francisco. The Vallejo documents were all in the library, and round one of the long tables were seated eight Mexicans copying them. One morning the Spaniard and the Italian entered the library. I think this was General Vallejo's first visit to the fifth floor.

It was to him an impressive sight. Passing the copyists, who, with one accord signified their respect by rising and bowing low, he was conducted to my room. Savage, Nemos, Oak, Harcourt, Fisher, and one or two Spaniards who happened to be acquainted with the general, then came in; cigars were passed and the conversation became general. The history of California, with the Vallejo family as a central figure, was the theme, and it was earnestly and honestly discussed. Two hours were then spent by the distinguished visitor examining the library. He was attended by Mr Savage, who explained everything, giving in detail what we had done, what we were doing, and what we proposed to do.

It was very evident that General Vallejo was impressed and pleased. Here was the promise of a work which of all others lay nearest his heart, conducted on a plan which if carried out would, he was convinced, secure the grandest results. It was a work in which he was probably more nearly concerned than the author of it. If I was the writer of history, he was the embodiment of history. This he seemed fully to realize.

Cerruti saw his opportunity; let my faithful Italian alone for that! He saw Vallejo drinking it all in like an inspiration; he saw it in his enkindled eye, in his flushed face and firm tread. Before the examination of the library was fairly finished, placing himself by the side of his now sincere and devoted friend he whispered, "Now is your time, general. If you are

ever going to give those papers—and what better can you do with them?—this is the proper moment. Mr Bancroft suspects nothing. There are the copyists, seated to at least a twelvemonth's labor. A word from you will save him this large and unnecessary expenditure, secure his gratitude, and the admiration of all present."

"He deserves them!" was the reply. "Tell him they are his."

I was literally speechless with astonishment and joy when Cerruti said to me, "General Vallejo gives you all his papers." Besides the priceless intrinsic value of these documents, which would forever place my library beyond the power of man to equal in original material for California history, the example would double the benefits of the gift.

I knew General Vallejo would not stop there. He was slow to be won, but once enlisted, his native enthusiasm would carry him to the utmost limit of his ability; and I was right. From that moment I had not only a friend and supporter, but a diligent worker. Side by side with Savage and Cerruti, for the next two years he alternately wrote history and scoured the country for fresh personal and documentary information.

"When I visited San Francisco last week," writes General Vallejo to the Sonoma *Democrat*, in reply to a complaint that the Vallejo archives should have been permitted to become the property of a private individual, "I had not the slightest intention of parting with my documents; but my friends having induced me to visit Mr Bancroft's library, where I was shown the greatest attention, and moreover allowed to look at thousands of manuscripts, some of them bearing the signatures of Columbus, Isabel the catholic, Philip II., and various others preëminent among those who figured during the fifteenth century, I was exceedingly pleased; and when Mr Bancroft had the goodness to submit to my inspection seven or eight

CHAPTER XVII.

ALVARADO AND CASTRO.

God made man to go by motives, and he will not go without them, any more than a boat without steam or a balloon without gas.

Beecher.

Next among the Hispano-Californians in historical importance to Mariano G. Vallejo stood his nephew Juan B. Alvarado, governor of California from 1836 to 1842. At the time of which I speak he lived in a plain and quiet way at San Pablo, a small retired town on the eastern side of San Francisco bay. In build and bearing he reminded one of the first Napoleon. He was a strong man, mentally and physically. Of medium stature, his frame was compact, and well forward on broad shoulders was set a head with massive jawbones, high forehead, and, up to the age of sixty, bright intellectual eyes.

In some respects he was the ablest officer California could boast under Mexican *régime*. He was born in 1809 ,which made him a year younger than his uncle General Vallejo. Before he made himself governor he held an appointment in the custom-house, and had always been a prominent and popular man. His recollections were regarded by every one as very important, but exceedingly difficult to obtain.

First of all, he must be brought to favor my undertaking; and as he was poor and proud, in ill health, and bitter against the Americans, this was no easy matter.

Alvarado had been much less Americanized than Vallejo; he had mixed little with the new-comers, and

CHAPTER XVIII.

CLOSE OF THE CERRUTI-VALLEJO CAMPAIGN.

To gather in this great harvest of truth was no light or speedy work. His notes already made a formidable range of volumes, but the crowning task would be to condense these voluminous still-accumulating results, and bring them like the earlier vintage of Hippocratic books to fit a little shelf.

George Eliot.

For about two and a half years generals Cerruti and Vallejo applied themselves to my work with a devotion scarcely inferior to my own: the latter longer, the former meanwhile with some assistance carrying forward to completion the history by Alvarado. Under the benign influence of the elder general, the quick impatient temper of the Italian was so subdued that he was at length kept almost continuously at confining, plodding work, which secretly he abhorred. He preferred revolutionizing Costa Rica to writing a hundred-page dictation. Yet I am sure for my work he entertained the highest respect, and for me true personal regard.

But after all it was his affection for General Vallejo which cemented him so long to this work. His esteem for the sage of Sonoma was unbounded; his devotion was more than Boswellian; it approached the saintly order. He would follow him to the ends of the earth, cheerfully undertaking anything for him; and almost before Vallejo's wish was expressed Cerruti had it accomplished. Yet withal the Italian never sank into the position of servant. He was as quick as ever to resent a fancied slight, and Vallejo himself, in order to maintain his influence over him, must needs humor many vagaries.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOME.

There is no happiness in life, there is no misery, like that growing out of the dispositions which consecrate or desecrate a home.

Chapin.

I ALMOST despaired of ever having a home again. I was growing somewhat old for a young wife, and I had no fancy for taking an old one. The risk on both sides I felt to be great. A Buffalo lady once wrote me: "All this time you might be making some one person happy." I replied: "All this time I might be making two persons miserable." And yet no one realized more fully than myself that a happy marriage doubles the resources, and completes the being which otherwise fails in the fullest development of its intuitions and yearnings. The twain are, in the nature human, one; each without loss gives what the other lacks.

There were certain qualities I felt to be essential not only to my happiness, but to my continued literary success. I was so constituted by nature that I could not endure domestic infelicity. Little cared I for the world, with its loves and hates, whether it regarded me kindly, or not at all. I had a world within me whose good-will I could command so long as I was at peace with myself. Little cared I for a scowl here, or an attack there; out among men I felt myself equal to cope with any of them. But my home must be to me heaven or hell. There was no room in my head for discord, nor in my heart for bitterness.

To write well, to do anything well, a right-inten-

up the beautiful valley of the Schuylkill, we reached our destination about noon. Why this bold Swiss, who for a dozen years or more was little less than king among the natives of the Sierra foothills, where had been enacted the mad doings of the gold-seekers, why he should leave this land of sunshine, even though he had been unfortunate, and hide himself in a dismal Dutch town, was a mystery to me. Accident seemed to have ruled him in it; accident directed him thither to a Moravian school, as suitable in which to place a granddaughter. This step led to the building of a house, and there he at this time intended to end his days. Well, no doubt heaven is as near Litiz as California; but sure I am, the departure thence is not so pleasant.

At the Litiz Springs hotel, directly opposite to which stood General Sutter's two-story brick house, we were told that the old gentleman was ill, unable to receive visitors, and that it would be useless to attempt to see him. There was one man, the barber, who went every day to shave the general, who could gain me audience, if such a thing were possible. I declined with thanks his distinguished services, and ordered dinner.

"I will go over and see his wife, at all events," I said to the clerk.

"That will avail you nothing," was the reply; "she is as deaf as an adder."

"Who else is there in the family?"

"A granddaughter."

That was sufficient. I did not propose to lose my journey to Litiz, and what was more, this probably my last opportunity for securing this important dictation. I was determined to see the general, if indeed he yet breathed, and ascertain for myself how ill he was.

After knocking loudly at the portal three several times, the door was slowly, silently opened a little way, and the head of an old woman appeared at the aperture.

"Is this Mrs Sutter?" I asked.

No response.

"May I speak with you a moment in the hall?"

Still no response, and no encouragement for me to enter. There she stood, the guardian of, apparently, as impregnable a fortress as ever was Fort Sutter in its palmiest days. I must gain admission; retreat now might be fatal. Stepping toward the small opening as if there was no obstacle whatever to my entering, and as the door swung back a little at my approach, I slipped into the hall.

Once within, no ogress was there. Mrs Sutter was a tall, thin, intelligent Swiss, plainly dressed, and having a shawl thrown over her shoulders. Her English was scarcely intelligible, but she easily understood me, and her deafness was not at all troublesome.

Handing her my card, I asked to see General Sutter. "I know he is ill," said I, "but I must see him." Taking the card, she showed me into a back parlor and then withdrew. From Mrs Sutter's manner, no less than from what had been told me at the hotel, I was extremely fearful that I had come too late, and that all of history that house contained was in the fevered brain of a dying man.

But presently, to my great astonishment and delight, the door opened, and the general himself entered at a brisk pace. He appeared neither very old nor very feeble. The chance for a history of Sutter Fort was improving. He was rather below medium height, and stout. His step was still firm, his bearing soldierly, and in his younger days he must have been a man of much endurance, with a remarkably fine physique. His features were of the German cast, broad, full face, fairly intellectual forehead, with white hair, bald on the top of the head, white side whiskers, mustache, and imperial; a deep, clear, earnest eye met yours truthfully. Seventy-five years, apparently, sat upon him not heavily. He was suffering severely

CHAPTER XX.

SAN FRANCISCO ARCHIVES.

There are some who think that the brooding patience which a great work calls for belonged exclusively to an earlier period than ours.

Lowell.

During the first ten years of these Ingatherings and Industries a dark cloud of discouragement hung over my efforts, in the form of four or five hundred volumes, with from seven hundred to nineteen hundred pages each, of original documents, lodged in the office of the United States surveyor-general in San Francisco. Though containing much on mission affairs, they constituted the regular archives of the secular government from the earliest period of Californian history. They were nearly all in Spanish, many of them in very bad Spanish, poorly written, and difficult of deciphering.

On the secularization of the missions, that is to say the removal of national property from missionary control, in many instances the ruin and consequent breaking up of mission establishments in California, some few loose papers found their way to the college of San Fernando, in Mexico, which was the parent institution. The clergy still held the mission church buildings, and in some instances the out-houses and orchards; and the mission books, proper, remained naturally in their control. There were likewise left at some of the missions bundles of papers, notably at Santa Bárbara; but these, though of the greatest importance, were not very bulky in comparison to the secular archives.

CHAPTER XXI.

HISTORIC RESEARCHES IN THE SOUTH.

Every man must work according to his own method.
Agassiz.

Southern California was rightly regarded as the depository of the richest historic material north of Mexico. And the reason was obvious: In settlement and civilization that region had the start of Oregon by a half century and more; there were old men there, and family and public archives. The chief historic adventure in that quarter was when, with Mr Oak and my daughter Kate, early in 1874 I took the steamer for San Diego and returned to San Francisco by land.

Indeed, as I became older in the work I felt more and more satisfied that it required of me, both in person and by proxy, much travel. True, mine was neither a small field, nor a narrow epoch highly elaborated, upon the many several scenes of which, like Froude at Simancas, Freeman on his battle-fields, or Macaulay in Devonshire, Londonderry, or Scotland, I might spend months or seasons studying the ground and elucidating the finer points of prospect and position; yet where so much was to be described much observation was necessary.

It was during this journey south that Benjamin Hayes, formerly district judge at Los Angeles, later a resident of San Diego, and for twenty-five years an enthusiastic collector and preserver of historic data, not only placed me in possession of all his collection, but

CHAPTER XXIII.

FURTHER LIBRARY DETAIL.

I worked with patience, which means almost power. I did some excellent things indifferently, some bad things excellently. Both were praised; the latter loudest.

Mrs Browning.

In treating of the main issues of these industries, I have somewhat neglected library details, which I esteem not the least important part of these experiences. If the history of my literary efforts be worth the writing, it is in the small particulars of every-day labors that the reader will find the greatest profit. The larger results speak for themselves, and need no particular description; it is the way in which things were done, the working of the system, and the means which determined results, that are, if anything, of value here. For, observes Plutarch, "Ease and quickness of execution are not fitted to give those enduring qualities that are necessary in a work for all time; while, on the other hand, the time that is laid out on labor is amply repaid in the permanence it gives to the performance." And, as Maudsley observes, "To apprehend the full meaning of common things, it is necessary to study a great many uncommon things." I cannot by any means attempt to give full details, but only specimens; yet for these I will go back to the earlier period of the work.

Regular business hours were kept in the library, namely, from eight to twelve, and from one to six. Smoking was freely allowed. Certain assistants desired to work evenings and draw extra pay. This was

wine first made? Did the padres make wine for their own use only, or did they export it? Where was most wine made in 1846? Into whose hands fell the vineyards? Mr Lea of Philadelphia desires material on the Inquisition in Mexico; Edward Everett Hale asks information concerning the introduction of the horse in America. Another wants a list of all the medicinal herbs. Mr Packard of Salem, on behalf of the United States entomological commission, makes inquiry regarding the Spanish Jesuit accounts of grasshopper invasions in California; and there were hundreds of such queries, which I deemed it my duty to answer whenever it lay in my power.

To those who best know what it is to make a good book, the rapidity and regularity with which the several volumes of my works appeared was a source of constant surprise. "How you have managed," writes John W. Draper on receipt of the fifth volume of the *Native Races*, "in so short a time and in so satisfactory a manner to complete your great undertaking is to me very surprising. The commendations that are contained in the accompanying pamphlet are richly deserved. I endorse them all. And now I suppose you feel as Gibbon says he did on completing his *Decline*. You know he was occupied with it more than twenty years. He felt as if the occupation of his life was gone. But you are far more energetic than he. You are only at the beginning of your intellectual life: he was near the close. You will find something more to do." Thus it is ever. Our best reward for having done one work well is that we have another given us to do.

On the completion of the *Native Races* Oliver Wendell Holmes writes: "I congratulate you on putting the last stone upon this pyramid you have reared. For truly it is a *magnum opus*, and the accomplishment of it as an episode in one man's life is most remarkable. Nothing but a perfect organization of an immense literary workshop could have effected so

CHAPTER XXIV.

MY METHOD OF WRITING HISTORY.

There is a class of authors different from those who cringe to prevalent tastes, and pander to degrading passions; men whom neither power can intimidate, nor flattery deceive, nor wealth corrupt.
Whipple.

Hegel says of the Germans: "Instead of writing history, we are always beating our brains to discover how history ought to be written." Nor is brain-beating fruitless. Better never write a word of history, or anything else, unless it be done in the best manner possible.

My system of historical work requires a few words of explanation, since not a little of the criticism, both favorable and unfavorable, has been founded on an erroneous conception of its nature.

In order to comprehend clearly the error alluded to, it is well to note that the composition of an historical work involves labor of a twofold nature, the dividing line being very clearly marked. Material in the nature of evidence has first to be accumulated and classified; subsequently from the evidence judgments have to be formed and expressed.

The two divisions might of course be still further subdivided, but such subdivision is not needed for my present purpose. My system—if it be worthy to be termed a system distinct from others—of which I have in my different works had somewhat to say, and others have said still more, has no application whatever to the second and final operation of an historian's task. Every author aims to collect all possible

evidence on the topic to be treated, and he accomplishes his purpose by widely different methods, of which more anon; but having once accomplished that primary object, in his later work of mind and pen there is little that is tangible in his methods as distinguished from those of another. He studies the evidence profoundly or superficially, according to his habit of study; forms his opinions more or less wisely, according to the strength of his judgment; and expresses them in language diffuse or concise, forcible and graceful, or commonplace and awkward, according to his natural or acquired style.

The philosopher, learned in mental phenomena, may classify to his own satisfaction the minds and mind-workings of authors; the literary critic may form comparisons and broad generalizations upon style. There are as many variations in thoughts as there are in men, in style as there are in writers; but in this part of my work I have no peculiar system or method, and I suppose that other authors have none.

My system, then, applies only to the accumulation and arrangement of evidence upon the topics of which I write, and consists in the application of business methods and the division of labor to those ends. By its aid I have attempted to accomplish in one year what would require ten years by ordinary methods; or on a complicated and extensive subject to collect practically all the evidence, when by ordinary methods a lifetime of toil would yield only a part.

To illustrate: Let us suppose an industrious author, determined to write the history of California, at the start wholly ignorant of his subject. He easily learns of a few works on California, and having purchased them studies their contents, making notes to aid his memory. His reading directs him to other titles, and he seeks the corresponding books in the libraries, public and private, of the city where he resides. His search of the shelves and catalogues of

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRELIMINARY AND SUPPLEMENTAL VOLUMES.

Periculosae plenum opus aleae,
Tractas; et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso. *Horace.*

As I have elsewhere remarked, the soul and centre of this literary undertaking was the *History of the Pacific States;* the *Native Races* being preliminary, and the *California Pastoral*, *Inter Pocula*, *Popular Tribunals*, *Essays and Miscellany*, and *Literary Industries* supplemental thereto. To the history appears a biographical section entitled *Chronicles of the Builders of the Commonwealth.*

Of the inception and execution of the *Native Races* I give elsewhere the full history. The *California Pastoral*, if not born so absolutely of necessity, was none the less a legitimate offspring. In the history of California under the dominion of Mexico, many of the most charming features in the precincts of home and minor matters, in the peculiarities of the people, and regarding their social and political behavior under the influence of their isolation and strange environment, were necessarily omitted. Of that remaining from this superabundance of material, I took the best, and weaving with it some antique foreign facts and later fancies of my own, I embodied the result in a separate volume, and in a more attractive form than could be presented in condensed history.

In like manner into a volume entitled *California Inter Pocula* were thrown a multitude of episodes and incidents following or growing out of the gold discov-

In one of the many cases for damages which followed the period of arbitrary strangulations and expatriations, the judge ordered the records of the stranglers brought into court. Bluxome obeyed the summons in person, but nothing was seen of books or papers in his possession.

"Where are the documents you were ordered to bring?" demanded the judge.

"I do not know," replied Bluxome.

"Are they not in your possession?"

"No."

"You had them?"

"Yes."

"What did you do with them?"

"I delivered them to Schenck."

"Where are they now?"

"I do not know."

Dismissed, Bluxome lost no time in hurrying to Schenck, and informing him of what had happened. Scarcely had Schenck passed the document to a third person, before he was summoned to appear in court, and bring with him the required papers. After testifying as Bluxome had done, the person to whom he had delivered them was summoned with like result; and so on until all concerned were heartily tired of it and so let the matter drop.

It was a great triumph, all the archives of the first committee safely lodged in the library, and it proved a great advantage to me in opening the way to the books and papers of the second committee. These were in the keeping of Mr Dempster, to be held in trust by him; and while he would gladly have placed them all in my hands at the first, he felt that he could not do so without the permission of his associates.

I found it less difficult after this to obtain dictations. Members of the committee of 1856 were not particularly pleased that I should have so much better facilities placed before me for writing the history of the first committee than the second.

Many of them now came forward of their own accord and told me all they knew. The 15th of February, 1876, Mr. Coleman, president of the committee of 1856, wrote me, I being then at Oakville, that he was ready to give me data. A long and exceedingly valuable narrative of all the events from the beginning to the end was the result. It was in fact, a history of the movement, and from the one most able to furnish it. This was supplemented by a no less valuable and even more thoughtful and philosophical a document by Mr. Dempster. Likewise from Truett, Smiley, Bluxome, and twenty others, I obtained interesting narratives.

When I had written the narrative of the first committee and had fairly begun the history of the movement of 1856, the absurdity of the position assumed by certain members struck me with more force than ever, and I was determined, if possible, to have the records and papers of the second committee. I went first to Coleman.

"I want all the archives of your committee," I said. "It is the irony of folly to compel a man, at this day, to make brick without straw when you have abundance of material in your possession."

"Had it rested with me you should have had everything long ago," said Mr. Coleman.

Then I went to Dempster.

"Did I stand where you do," I ventured to affirm, "I would not permit the history of the vigilance committee to be written while those books and papers were unrevealed."

"What would you do?" he asked.

"I would pay no attention," I replied, "to the wishes of those few wise men of Gotham who would arbitrate this matter between eight thousand vigilants and their posterity. They are not the vigilance committee; they are not a majority of the executive committee."

"I cannot give them up until I am authorized to

CHAPTER XXVII.

BODY AND MIND.

Hard students are commonly troubled with gowts, catarrhs, rheums, cachexía, bradypepsia, bad eyes, stone, and collick, crudities, oppilations, vertigo, winds, consumptions, and all such diseases as come by overmuch sitting; they are most part lean, dry, ill-colored.... and all through immoderate pains and extraordinary studies. If you will not believe the truth of this, look upon the great Tostatus and Thomas Aquinas' works; and tell me whether those men took pains.

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

Among general physiological and psychological principles these truths are now regarded elementary—that the brain is indispensable to thought, volition, and feeling; that the brain is the seat of thought, of intellect; that the brain being affected by the blood, the mind is influenced by the quality or condition of the blood; that with the quickening of cerebral circulation thoughts, feelings, and volitions are quickened, even up to the pitch sometimes of vehement mental excitement, or delirium, and that the quality of the blood depends upon food, air, exercise, and rest.

Under great mental strain blood of the best quality, pure, rich, and plentiful may be drawn from the muscles, to the detriment of the muscular system, to meet the pressing emergencies of the brain and of the nervous system; and *vice versa* excessive physical exertion draws from the mental faculties nourishment rightly belonging to them. Therefore both mind and muscle are alike dependent not less upon food than upon the blood-purifying organs, lungs, liver, intestines, and the rest.

The influence of the mind upon the body, through its three-fold states of intellect, emotion, and volition, is no less great than the influence of the body upon

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EXPEDITIONS TO MEXICO.

By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll do gud service, or ay'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death.

King Henry the Fifth.

HAVING read and written so much about Mexico, it was but natural that I should wish to go there. I had completed the history of all that region, with abundance of material, down to the year 1800, and for the present century I knew that there existed houses full of information which I did not possess.

Accordingly on the 1st day of September, 1883, I set out, accompanied by my daughter and a Mexican servant, for the great city of the table-land, proceeding via San Antonio and Laredo, Texas. I took copious notes of everything I encountered, the table spread of frijoles, tortillas, olla podrida, and the rest, cooked with garlic and onions in rancid oil, sending forth a stygian smell not at all appetizing; the muddy Rio Bravo, now angry and swollen with late rains, which we had to cross in a scow at the peril of our lives; the general and universal dirtiness pervading people, houses, and streets; the currency, being mostly silver, and at a discount of about twenty-five per cent below United States money; the mixed Spanish and Indian population and architecture, the former of all shades of color and beastliness, most of the people being ugly looking, and many of them deformed and absolutely hideous, the latter of every grade, from the Andalusian dwelling of stone or adobe, surrounding a court, to the suburban hut of sticks and straw; the soil, climate, and resources of the country;

of two stories, with colonnades, arched, perhaps, in masonry below and roofed with wooden rafters above. The floors are usually of burnt-clay tiles, and bare. Outside run narrow stone sidewalks, frequently worn hollow by centuries of use. Though everywhere with plain and often forbidding exteriors, there are dwellings in the chief cities with interiors of oriental luxury and splendor.

Land and vegetation and cultivation improve as the central and southern portions of the republic are reached. Here are seen vast stretches as fertile and beautiful as any in the world, producing three crops a year by irrigation and attention; and places are found of pronounced character, displaying marked individuality, such as Mexico City, Vera Cruz, Querétaro, Oajaca, Guadalajara, and others, some owing their origin to missionary convents, some to the will of a rich landholder, others to the course of trade. Elegant villas can be seen in the suburban towns of the capital, but there is scarcely in the republic what would be known in the United States as a country-seat or a farm-house.

Notwithstanding the monotony, the observer finds much that is exceedingly picturesque. The towns and the country, the people and their surroundings, all present studies. Here is foliage filled with blossoms and loaded with fruit; here are fragrant flowers and fantastic parasites, palms, orange and lemon trees, and a thousand other offshoots of redundant nature—this for the tierra caliente, and also for the footland cities; and for the table-lands, colored hills and plains covered with a peculiar vegetation.

The statuesque is everywhere. Over thousands of leagues you may go and see ten thousand weird and fantastic images in the palm and the cactus, in the mirage and in the mountain. The southern sierras are grand, and of every hue and height and contour.

In the cities the churches stand conspicuous, and on the streets are figures of every form and pose. Drive

into any town in any hour of the day or night, be it in scorching summer or freezing winter, and standing by the roadside and in the doorways are grim figures wrapped in serapes and rebozos, motionless and silent, but always graceful and picturesque. You see them when you come and when you go, as if they had stood there since Mexico was made, and were now waiting for the last trump to sound.

In travelling far by diligencia, race colors approach each other, the dark skin being lightened and the light skin darkened by dirt. I sit on top behind the drivers, for there are two, the cochero and his deputy, who are wholly oblivious of my presence until a few reales to each make me known to them. So stationed, and watching their movements for three days, having little else to do but to hold on and keep my face from blistering, I come to know them well, and to be able to count upon my fingers their distinguishing characteristics.

The cochero was a small man, weighing but little over one hundred pounds, and measuring not over five feet four, but his muscles were steel. He wore white cotton breeches, leathern leggings, untanned leather boots, white cotton jacket, slouched straw sombrero with the orthodox four dents in the high-pointed crown, and a colored hankerchief round his neck or waist. He was the most diabolically happy fellow I ever met; he used to find vent for his high spirits in cutting with his whip at the passing cart-mules and their drivers. Yet his voice was low and plaintive, as gentle as that of any woman, scarcely above a whisper even when issuing orders to his assistant and stablemen, of which there were usually half a score in attendance at the stations. His mules he would curse gently and with a smile.

His wife rode with him for a day and a night. She had a child in her arms. The night was cold—the early morning specially so. A gown each, one thick-

A striking feature is its melancholy strain. Even the songs and street cries and strains of laughter are in a minor key. Listen to the plaintive voice of the people in common conversation, and you would imagine them in conference over a dying comrade!

The Mexican gambles upon instinct, if such a term has any meaning. He has in him superstition enough to believe in luck; he will not work; he frequently is sorely in need of money; how else is he to get it?

Notwithstanding the laws existing in the capital, there is gambling for all grades, tables on which nothing but copper is seen, others of silver with some gold, and still others where gold alone is used, the lowest bet here allowed being an ounce.

A law of 1828 closed many of the gambling-houses, throwing many professional gamblers out of employment and depriving thousands of their accustomed amusement. The proceeding showed at once the material strength of the government able to enforce so unpopular a measure, and the moral strength of the rulers, who believed gambling to be iniquitous and pernicious. Nevertheless, the inherent and old-time passion was not thus to be quenched. As in religion, there was much comfort in it. So the following year we find written: "From the highest to the lowest, all gamble; and it is no uncommon thing to see the senators, and even higher officers, in the cockpit or at the gaming-table betting and staking their money against the half-clothed laborer." Measures have since been frequently taken to diminish the evil, but with little effect.

In some countries the business of pawnbroker is deemed disgraceful as well as pernicious; but in Mexico it is, under government auspices, a source of government revenue, and the management of the Monte de Piedad, as it is called, is confided to a person of the first integrity. It receives whatever effects the poor people can bring, loans them a large percentage

made from the crosses of all the saints, not to mention numberless beggars whose only capital is some deformity. And at all times men, women, and children of all grades are selling lottery-tickets. After noon the men of honey-cakes and cheese and honey appear; the dulce men, *Caramelos de esperma! bocadillo de coco! Tortillas de cuajada!* come on toward night; then nuts, and "Ducks, O my soul, hot ducks!" There are many more cries than these, some of late origin, though the "new development" little changes the native Mexican in this or many other respects. Whenever a railroad train pulls up at a station it is immediately surrounded by sellers of everything eatable and drinkable, whose babel of cries is irritating to those not disposed to look on the amusing side of it.

Speaking of lying Mexicans—and there are few of them who are not proficient in the art—my man Friday, whom I took from San Francisco, is deserving of special mention. He did not lie for profit, but from principle. I thought Cerruti a good liar, but the Italian was a novice beside this Mexican. His mendacity took the direction of omniscience. Whatever he wished to be was; whatever I wished to know I asked him—then went and found out for myself. The governor was not in town if my fellow did not feel like going out. Or if my fellow desired time for his own pleasure, nothing can be done on a holiday, he would demurely observe.

Ask the average Mexican anything, and he always has an answer ready; there is nothing he does not know. He will spin you off a string of lies as naturally and as gracefully as a duck takes to water. And if you are wise, you will keep your temper; and if you want anything out of him, pretend to believe him, for if you tell him he lies, he only shrugs his shoulder, as much as to say, "What else could you expect?" As well find fault with a mustang for bucking, as with a Mexican for lying.

the recipient to name time and place for an interview.

"I cannot see why you want to make the acquaintance of these people," said Morgan, the American minister, to me one day. "If it is to be entertained by them, you will be disappointed. Here am I these three or four years representing the great American republic, and they pay not the slightest attention to me. Aside from official intercourse with the minister of foreign relations, there is nothing between us. When I came, the chief officials called when I was out and left their card; I returned the call when they were out and left my card, and that was the end of it."

"My dear sir," I said, "it is the last thing on earth I desire—to be entertained by these or any other people. I come to Mexico for a far different purpose. Still, if I am so let alone as to feel slighted, it will be for the first time in my life."

The fact is, Mr Morgan could not understand what it was I wanted in Mexico; nevertheless, he was always cordial and accommodating.

For about two weeks my time was chiefly occupied in making and receiving calls. One of the first to visit me was Ygnacio M. Altamirano, one of the chief literary men in Mexico, who boasts his pure Aztec blood uncontaminated by any European intermixture. In form he is well proportioned, a little below medium height, features clear-cut and of pronounced type, bright, black eyes, and skin not very dark, intellect brilliant, and tongue fluent of speech.

Altamirano divided the leading literary honors of the capital with Alfredo Chavero, who was also quite talented. Altamirano wrote for *La Libertad*, *La Republica*, and *El Diario del Hogar;* any paper was glad to get anything from Chavero. These men showed me every attention, and introduced me to the members of the Sociedad de Geografia y Estatística, at a meeting called specially for that purpose.

Another very agreeable *littérateur* was Ireneo Paz,

museum, and a host of others. Icazbalceta is more bibliographer than writer; he cleans the pages of his old books, restores lost and faded cuts with pen and ink, and he even set up with his own hands the type for one of his reprints. Manuel Romero Rubio, father-in-law of the late president, introduced me to Porfirio Diaz, and he to President Gonzalez. From General Diaz, the foremost man in the republic, I took a two weeks' dictation, employing two stenographers, and yielding 400 pages of manuscript. Naturally, during this time, and subsequently, I became well acquainted with the Diaz family, dining frequently there, and with the father of the charming wife of the president, whose home was one of the most elegant in the capital.

Romero Rubio, then president of the senate, formerly minister of foreign affairs, and subsequently minister under Diaz, is a fine specimen of a wealthy and aristocratic Mexican; grave and somewhat distant in his demeanor, yet kind and cordial among friends, and punctilious in the performance of every duty, public and private.

Porfirio Diaz appears more American than Mexican. In the hall of the municipality and district of Mexico are portraits of all the rulers, regal and republican, from Cortés to Diaz. And between the first and the last are some points of resemblance. Cortés made the first conquest, Diaz the last. The former chose Oajaca as his home; the latter was born there. In this portrait of Cortés, the finest I have seen, the conqueror is represented as quite old, toward the end of life, when the pride of gratified ambition had been somewhat obliterated by the machinations of enemies, the neglect of his sovereign, and the jealousy of courtiers. There is present less of the strong man triumphant than of the strong man humiliated. Diaz has had his triumphs; perhaps his humiliations are yet to come. Few great men escape them toward the end of their career; indeed they

though smaller than the one in Mexico, accounted richer within.

But for all this, famous, squalid little Cholula, according to the population, outdoes Puebla. There is the little church with its two towers and large bells on the historic hill, rusty without, but elaborately gilded within, and the large church amidst the houses below, near where the worshippers congregate to see the bull-fight after service, and one to the right and another to the left, and half a dozen more on every side, the simultaneous ringing of whose bells at the hour of blazing, tropical afterglow might lead one to suppose the world to be on fire. This must indeed have been a foul spot of Satan's to require such long and elaborate cleansing; for hereabout once stood no less than four hundred heathen temples; but I would rather see restored and preserved some of those architectural monuments, albeit in good truth temples of Satan, which capped this pyramid in aboriginal times, than a thousand of the earth-bestrewed edifices reared to his confounding at the cost of pinched toilers.

As I thus stood, I fancied I could see marching through the same long white, radiating streets the ancient processions with their dismal chant and clang of instruments, coming hither from all directions to the sacrifice. I fancied I could see the bodies of the victims tumbled over the steeps as the blood-besmeared priests held aloft the palpitating heart, while all the people raised their voices in loud hosannas. And I could easily imagine the good god Quetzalcoatl here taking leave of his people, even as did Christ, promising meantime to return with new and celestial benefits.

In the Puebla state library, before mentioned, is a volume of original letters of Morelos, and several other volumes of valuable documents relating to the days of independence, 1810–21. General documents run from 1764 to 1858. There are two volumes of

CHAPTER XXIX.

TOWARD THE END.

Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

Pope.

I had hoped to close my library to general work, and dismiss my assistants by January 1, 1887. I had yet several years of work to do myself, in any event, but I thought if I could get rid of the heavy library outlay of one or two thousand dollars a month, I should feel more inclined to take life easier, with less nervous haste and strain in my work.

Several causes combined to prevent this. As is usually the case, the completion of my history consumed more time than I had anticipated, the necessary rewriting and revision, not to mention numberless delays growing out of the cares and vicissitudes of business, being beyond calculation. The truth is, in looking back upon my life and its labors, I cannot but feel that I never have had a full and fair opportunity to do my best, to do as good work as I am capable of doing, certainly not as finished work as I might do with less of it and more time to devote to it, with fewer cares, fewer interruptions. I have often wondered what I might do were I not forced to "write history on horseback," as General Vallejo terms it. On the other hand, I have had much to be thankful for, and can only submit my work to the world for what it is worth. Again, it was found to be an absolute necessity for the proper completion of my historical series to provide a place for the many biog-

It would be difficult to find anywhere pleasanter people, or a more intelligent or refined society than at Denver. I shall never forget the kindness of Doctor Bancroft, governors Pitkin, Grant, and Routt, and judges Stone, Bennett, Beck, and Helm.

Colorado was at this time in a very prosperous condition, and the people were justly proud of their state, of its history, its resources, and its possibilities. By supplying myself pretty freely with help in the form of stenographers and statisticians, I secured the experiences of several hundred of those who had had the most to do in making the early history of this region. Among the manuscripts thus resulting was one which must ever constitute the corner-stones of Colorado history. Nearly two months were occupied in writing it, and the work on it was done in this way: Taking a full file of the *Rocky Mountain News*, the first journal published in the country and still running, I sat down before it with a stenographer and its first editor, who, while I questioned and commented, told the history of the state, turning over the leaves of the newspaper to refresh his memory, and give him the desired information.

Judge Stone's ideas and experiences form a very interesting historical manuscript. He assured me that the topography of Colorado was in his mind's eye as clear as if seen at one view from the corner of a cloud; and I found his knowledge of political and commercial affairs, and the resources and industries of the state no less lucid and interesting.

While my family were at Denver, enjoying the generous hospitality of the good people of the place, I spent a fortnight at Cheyenne, going through files of newspapers, and writing out the experiences of the prominent men. In this and subsequent labors in relation to the history of Wyoming I was greatly assisted by John Slaughter, territorial librarian, A. S. Mercer, of the *Live Stock Journal*, John W. Hoyt, J. M. Carey, J. R. Whitehead, F. J. Stanton, E. S.

N. Morgan territorial secretary, A. T. Babbitt, Thos. Sturgis, W. W. Corlett, and others. Then at Laramie were S. W. Downey and T. H. Hayford; at Lander, N. Baldwin and H. G. Nickerson; not to mention the commanding officers of the military at forts Russell, Steele, Laramie, McKinney, and Bridger.

Part of the winter of 1884–5 I spent in New Mexico, where I had interviews with most of the leading men, and obtained a large mass of material which was an absolute necessity to my work. At Santa Fé I examined the archives thoroughly, and engaged Samuel Ellison, the keeper, to go through them and make extracts from some, and complete copies of all of the important papers and manuscripts. After a time, however, finding the task too slow and irksome for him, being an old man and somewhat averse to labor, he finally consented, contrary to the regulations, but greatly to my satisfaction, to send to me in San Francisco in bundles, by express, a portion at a time, of such material that I wanted copied, that I might have the work done in my library.

I cannot refrain from mentioning, among those who rendered me valuable assistance at Santa Fé, the names of C. B. Hayward, W. G. Ritch, Francis Downs, Archbishop Lamy, Defouri, Prince, Thayer, Fiske, Phillips, and the Chaves; at Albuquerque and Taos, the Armijos and the Valdez; and at Las Cruces, Cunniffe and Van Patten.

I cannot mention in this volume a hundredth part of the journeys made, the people seen, and the work done in connection with the labors of over a quarter of a century, collecting material and writing history, but enough has been presented to give the reader some faint conception of the time, labor, and money necessary for such an historical undertaking.

Referring once more to my method of writing his-

CHAPTER XXX.

BURNED OUT!

Mercury. "What's best for us to do then to get safe across?"
Charon. "I'll tell you. You must all strip before you get in, and leave all those encumbrances on shore; and even then the boat will scarce hold you all. And you take care, Mercury, that no soul is admitted that is not in light marching order, and who has not left all his encumbrances, as I say, behind. Just stand at the gang-way and overhaul them, and don't let them get in till they've stripped." *Lucian.*

Here was a pretty how-do-you-do! While I was buying farms and building houses in San Diego, and dreaming of a short period of repose on this earth before being called upon to make once more an integral part of it, in the twinkling of an eye I was struck down, as if by a thunderbolt from heaven.

For twenty years past I had been more than ordinarily interested in this southern extremity of the state, with its soft sunshine and beautiful bay, the only break in the California coast-line south of San Francisco that could be properly called a harbor, and I had chipped in from time to time a few thousands for lots and blocks, until satisfied that I had enough, when the great commercial metropolis of the south should arise upon the spot, to ruin all my children.

Many times before this I had temporarily sought shelter for myself and family from the cold winds and fogs of San Francisco, often in the Napa country, and many times in the Ojai valley, and elsewhere. Then I wondered if there was not some place more accessible to my work, which would answer the purpose as well.

Ever since 1856 I had been gazing on the high hills back of Oakland and Berkeley, wondering what was on the other side; and one day I said I will go and

were of farm life; my childhood home had been there, and if there were any rest and recuperation for me on earth I was sure it would be under like conditions. My work was nearly done. I had no further desire to mingle with the affairs of the world. I was content with what I had accomplished; or at least all I could do I had done, and I was sure that in no way could I better become young again than in spending much time with my little ones, in teaching them how to work and be useful, as my devoted parents had taught me.

It was on the 30th of April, 1886, that I was standing on the steps of the Florence hotel, at San Diego, when my wife drove up in her phaeton and handed me a telegram. "They said it was important," she remarked, and eyed me earnestly as I opened and read it. "What is it?" she asked. "Is it bad?" "About as bad as can be," I replied. It was from Mr N. J. Stone, manager of the History department of the business, and it read, "Store burning. Little hope of saving it." Half an hour later came another despatch, saying that nothing was saved but the account books.

The full effect of this calamity flashed through my brain on the instant: my beautiful building, its lofts filled to overflowing with costly merchandise, all gone, the results of thirty years of labor and economy, of headaches and heart-aches, eaten up by fire in an hour! I say the full effect of it was upon me; yet the blow—though it felled me, seemed to strike softly, as if coming from a gloved hand, I was so powerless to oppose it. I continued the duties of the day as usual. I was then building for my wife a summer residence overlooking the charming bay; but many days of sorrow and anguish were in store for me by reason of this infernal fire.

In this same hotel, seven months before, I had read of the Crocker fire, a similar catastrophe happening to a house of like business to ours. And I then

thought, "this might as well have been Bancroft, but how different the result to me and hundreds of others." As La Rochefoucauld says: "Nous avous tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui." We are all strong enough to endure the misfortunes of others. And now it was indeed Bancroft, and all their fine establishment, the largest and finest in western America, swept away in the midst of a desperate struggle to properly place my histories upon the market. Twenty volumes had been issued, and the firm was still $200,000 behind on the enterprise. But it was gaining. Daylight shone as through a tunnel in the distance; the last month's business had been the most encouraging of all; when suddenly, office, stock, papers, correspondence, printing-presses, type and plates, and the vast book-bindery, filled with sheets and books in every stage of binding, were blotted out, as if seized by Satan and hurled into the jaws of hell. There was not a book left; there was not a volume of history saved; nine volumes of history plates were destroyed, besides a dozen other volumes of plates; two car loads of history paper had just come in, and 12,000 bound volumes were devoured by the flames. There was the enterprise left, and a dozen volumes of the history plates in the library basement, and that was all.

The loss thus in a moment, of over half a million of dollars, above all that any policies of insurance would cover, was not the worst of it. Our facilities for work were gone, machinery destroyed, and business connections suddenly snapped; at noon with one of the largest stocks in America, at night with nothing to sell! I went down to the train, stowed myself away in a sleeper, and came to San Francisco, knowing I had to face the brunt of it, and endure the long-drawn agony of the catastrophe. My daughter was with me. Friends and sympathizers met me at Martinez. It was Sunday when I arrived and went to my city quarters. I kept my room until Tuesday;

dation that it had not grown and flourished, and that as a rule in ever-increasing proportions. I had for it an affection outside of any mercenary interest. Through good and evil times it had stood bravely by me, by my family, my history, my associates, and employés, and I could not desert it now. I could not see it die or go to the dogs without an effort to save it; for I felt that such would be its fate if it neglected the opportunity to go back to its old locality, and regain somewhat of its old power and prestige. The country was rapidly going forward. There must soon be a first-class bookstore in San Francisco. There was none such now, and if ours did not step to the front and assume that position, some other one would. Immediately after the fire the remarks were common, "It is a public loss"; "We have nowhere, now, to go for our books"; "Your store was not appreciated until it was gone."

My family were now all well provided for, through the rise of real estate in San Diego. What I had besides need not affect them one way or the other. I felt that I had the right to risk it in a good cause—every dollar of it, and my life in addition, if I so chose. After all, it was chiefly a question of health and endurance. I determined to try it; once more I would adventure, and succeed or sink all.

So I laid my plans accordingly, and in company with W. B. Bancroft, Mr Colley, and Mr Dorland, all formerly connected with the original house of H. H. Bancroft and Company, I organized and incorporated The Bancroft Company, and moved the old business back upon the old site, but into new and elegant quarters. Behold the new creation! Once more we had a bookstore, one second to none in all this western world—an establishment which was a daily pride and pleasure, not so widely spread as the old one, but in many respects better conditioned. Above all, we were determined to popularize it, and place it in many respects upon a higher plane than ever it had before enjoyed. And we succeeded.

The management of The Bancroft Company was placed in the hands of my nephew, W. B. Bancroft, who had been well instructed in the business, and had ever been loyal to it. At the time of the fire he was at the head of the manufactory, having under him two or three hundred men. Husbanding his influence and resources, he started a printing-office on his own account, and was on the broad road to success when he was invited to unite his manufactory with the old business under the new name, and assume the management, which he finally consented to do. Thus he, with the others, passed through the fiery furnace unscathed, and with them deserved the success which he achieved. Thus, with fresh blood, good brains, and ample capital, there was no reason apparent why the new business should not in time far outstrip the old, and on its centennial in 1956 stand unapproached by any similar institution in the new and grandest of empires on the shores of the Pacific.

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